FRANCE AND ENGLAND

OR,

SCENES IN EACH.

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COMPILED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS,

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

"Here's much to do with Love, but more with Hate."
SHAKESPEARE.

"When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
" Oft with the bad the righteous bleed
"Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
" Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed."
FRANCIS' HORACE

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CHAPTER I.

To attempt any description at all expressive of Sir Castleton Montreville's feelings, on seeing the lovely agitated countenance of Endora would be vain; language cannot describe them, nor painting the wonder-struck look with which he regarded her, as, pale and trembling with dismay and repentance, too late conceived, she leaned for support against the window of the apartment into which Montreville conducted her at the end of their second stage. At length he said, "Endora here with me! Where then is Bertha? What means this strange mistake? Speak quickly, and let us instantly return to Courtray to clear up the whole, and relieve Bertha from the

distress this adventure must have thrown her into."

Endora was still silent; but wringing her hands and sobbing convulsively she threw herself at his feet, and vainly endeavoured to give the explanation he continued vehemently to demand. Convinced that some fatal mystery lurked under all this sorrow and wild emotion; assured, too, that Endora must have had an active assistant in the completion of so disgraceful a project, and that she was in herself an artful and light character, he dreaded to hear the tale he yet wildly called for, whilst a thousand indefinable terrors rapidly crossed his imagination. Perceiving at length that Endora was so completely subdued by fear at the sight of his anger and emotion, as to be actually incapable of entering into any explanation, he endeavoured to soothe instead of alarming her, and apologized for the intemperance of his manner with some return of his accustomed gentleness.

A little re-assured, Endora tried to account for the extraordinary share she had thus taken in his fate; but all she was able to

tell him was far from satisfactory. He desired her to tell him the name of Bertha's lover, from whom he was accused of wishing to separate her, or to describe his person. Endora repeated the name of Morris, which Montreville had never heard; she accurately described—Binglay! and light instantly flashed on the mind of her half-distracted auditor. One long connected chain of events, all calculated to deceive him, now rushed through his imagination; but when Endora named Mr. Morris as the friend of Ravenscroft, as he had once owned he was, Sir Castleton perfectly raved; and, assured of misfortune and misery, though unable exactly to comprehend in what form, he insisted upon instantly returning to Courtray, and pursuing the wretches, who, he doubted not, were gone to England. All that they might report and Julia believe rose before him—his flight with Endora, unconscious as he was of her being his companion, how might it not appear to her when told by Ravenscroft or his friend!

He had actually ordered horses instantly

to retrace his steps, regardless of his wretched companion, who, fainting with fatigue and terror, was in no condition to resume her journey. Of her he scarcely thought; and the anguished irritation of his spirits—his impatience to remedy the mischief Morris might do before it became irretrievable, and his conviction of the value every moment must be to his cause, made him cold to the distress of Endora; who was, however innocent of designed evil, certainly an agent in the present complicated misery he endured. Perceiving that she really was unable, through illness, to enter a carriage again that morning, he proposed to leave her to the care of the hostess till she was again able to travel. But Endora, frantic with terror and disappointment, and really fearful and ashamed to return to Courtray under such circumstances (for well she knew that her elopement with Montreville would be quickly and loudly blazoned), implored him in such touching terms not to abandon her, nor to expose her to the remarks of her former acquaintance, and the anger of her

brother, that he at length consented to remain a few hours till she was rested, and to go by the way of Paris in order to place her in safety with an aunt who resided there. Poor Endora, whose fairy hopes of becoming his wife had all vanished, and who had neither art nor effrontery to bully him into any promises which might hereafter implicate his honor in their fulfilment, gratefully accepted and thanked him for this sacrifice in her favor, and taking some refreshment, retired, to endeavour at gaining the repose necessary to her exertions during the rest of her journey.

Left to himself and to his own thoughts entirely, gloomily he endeavoured to retrace the events of the last three months, and fearfully to anticipate their effects. Clearly he saw that every thing depended on his immediate appearance in England, where once in the presence of Julia, he felt assured he should prove his own innocence, and the atrocities of those who had endeavoured to ruin him in her opinion. Suddenly he recollected the absence of Selima—the exchange of the dogs, which of itself implied

design; and doubting not that the animal would be returned to Julia, as dismissed by him with contempt. Every thing seemed conspiring against him, and tended to load his character with obloquy and reproach, to which his lengthened absence contributed. In extreme agitation, and impatience which almost amounted to frenzy, he continued to pace his apartment, perpetually enquiring of the hostess if the lady (for he was careful of not mentioning her name) was yet able to proceed, and utterly discrediting the assurances of the good woman that only two or three hours had elapsed since the lady retired.

Endora, however, who could not rest, and whose chamber was near enough to allow her to hear the incessant enquiries and restless movements of the Baronet, gave up all further attempts at obtaining a little sleep, and joined him with a countenance so pallid and distressed, that soon Sir Castleton, occupied as his mind was, could not help observing and feeling for her situation. With more kindness than he had before evinced towards her he took her

hand, and urged her to return to the bed she appeared so ill able to quit. She persisted, however, in her resolution of continuing her journey; whilst tears trembled in her beautiful eyes as they met his wild and inflamed ones. He obliged her to take some proper refreshment, and they again set forward. During this journey, Montreville explained to Endora enough of his situation to convince her of the baseness of those who had in fact betrayed them both; though she acknowledged, her own weak folly alone could have enabled them to implicate her in the plot. Bitterly she bewailed her error; whilst every word she uttered discovered so true and sincere a love for Montreville, and so much real anguish for the part she had played, which so much deeper involved him in misery; and such wretchedness at the idea of soon separating for ever from him, that his heart must have been cold to every kind and humane emotion, had he heard her without compassion and some degree of tenderness. He remembered, not without self-condemnation, the undivided attentions he had

paid her for many weeks, which, ignorant of any other attachment, she might reasonably enough place to her own influence, and believe that which love bade her hope. In this examination of his own behaviour to Endora, he found some mitigation of the folly of her's; and though love towards her had no place in his breast, his manner assumed a greater degree of complacency, and at the same time soothed her spirits, and involuntarily revived delusive hopes.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the latter part of their journey on this second day's travelling, the ill-assorted companions sunk into meditative silence. In fact, Endora was completely overcome by fatigue, for they had travelled with a celerity much better suited to Montreville's imagination than her ability, and she now reclined, fainting and exhausted, in the arms of Sir Castleton. Extreme irritation of spirits had also disordered his frame; and when they stopped at a small auberge late in the evening, he was compelled to own himself considerably indisposed; notwithstanding which he would certainly have proceeded, had he only been in question; since to reach England, if only to die at Julia's feet, was his first desire.

Endora, however, could neither be left behind nor go forward, and she was obliged to be carried immediately to the best bed

the inn afforded, whose overwhelming fatigue produced a deep and refreshing repose. She descended in the morning considerably renovated by her quiet rest, and wondered, on finding the lateness of the hour, at not having been earlier awakened by her restless fellow-traveller. The hostess, Madame Brunel, was a little surprised at the Baronet's non-appearance, and tapping softly at his door, was somewhat alarmed at the profound silence within the chamber. After repeated signals she opened the door, and beheld Sir Castleton stretched on the floor in a swoon, half-dressed. Terrified she ran down to Eudora, who distracted with fear, and entirely ignorant what to do, could only weep and exclaim. Madame Brunel did wiser; she sent to a neighbouring town for a surgeon, who soon restored his patient to a sense of misfortune and bodily-suffering. A great degree of fever followed, and Montreville was reduced by necessity to obey the mandate of the surgeon, which confined him for some days to his present situation. How irksome this was, how acutely painful, may readily be

imagined; and the very irritation such a situation produced materially increased the disease.

During a fortnight of severe illness, considerably augmented by mental distress and incessant impatience on the part of Sir Castleton, poor Endora was scarcely less wretched. Wholly unaccustomed to management or exertion of any kind, new to the world, and hardly better instructed in its customs than a child, she found herself quite unable to advise, or to answer the respectful enquiries of Madame Brunel, as to what she would please to order or to do. Endora knew nothing of Sir Castleton's English connections, nor would he indeed allow her to write to any one,—she was entirely ignorant of his pecuniary resources, and was frightened to see how her own livres daily decreased; for the prudent Madame Brunel, seeing the perfect ignorance of her young inmate, took great pains to hint at the necessity of regular payments, particularly when for some days the medical man pronounced his patient in considerable danger. To apply for money to

Montreville was very repugnant to her feelings, and she continued to pay the avaricious extortions of her landlady as long as she could; whilst the Baronet, supposing every thing was regularly booked, thought nothing of payment till the surgeon received his last fee, and gave him permission to proceed, when he found he could no longer contrive to detain him. He then found that Endora had advanced a large sum, though many of the articles paid for by her, were again charged by the conscientious landlady, pretty certain that her young lady would never look at the bill, or understand it if she did.

Of this lady, Madame Brunel's opinions were far from favorable. There was a mystery in her situation she could not fathom, for there was nothing in Sir Castleton's manners towards her which gave the idea of her being his mistress, though every look and word of Endora's proclaimed her affection to him. They were not relations, for that Endora had innocently avowed, without recollecting all it implied. However, they paid well, and were very quiet

and easily satisfied, and whether they were improperly connected, or not at all, signified very little to Madame Brunel, particularly as they were people of considerable distinction, as his title proclaimed, though they travelled in a hired carriage and without servants. With a profusion of thanks and civilities, the obsequious hostess saw her guests depart from her house, to which she returned with many a self-congratulation on the clever way in which she had cheated them.

The spires of Paris at length greeted the eager eyes of Montreville, who with impatient forgetfulness exclaimed "Thank Heaven! A few, a very few, days, and I shall be *there!*" Endora's deep sigh recalled him; and he felt the unkindness he had committed. To apologize was worse, and silently he attempted to soothe the anguish which was too great for concealment. He, indeed, was going to her he loved, to his native land, to friends who would receive him with delight, and where complete happiness would follow his exculpation. In leaving Endora, he left one

who had been only a source of sorrow and trouble to him, and, though innocently, a presumptive evidence of that perfidy of which his enemies had accused him. But Endora, in leaving him, lost all that could make her future life desirable, all she loved, and all she had lately dared to hope. She would see him no more, nor hear of him as the happy husband of that envied woman who was now bewailing his loss. With these bitter reflections on her side, and tumultuous impatience on his, they drove to one of the principal inns. And here the recollection of all that Endora had already suffered, and that which yet threatened her, rushed on the mind of Montreville, too generous not to feel in the near approach of his own emancipation, the misery his departure would inflict on another. Endora's attentions during his recent illness, with the delicate propriety which had marked every action during her very trying situation with him, had not failed of their due effect on a heart so amiable and tender as his, and though without a single particle of the coxcomb in his character, he could

not be blind to the passion he had inspired, though he could not return it as he believed she really deserved.

To remain long in Paris was impossible; and indeed he was well aware that since to part was inevitable, to defer it was useless: yet when he looked at Endora, with the intention of announcing his opinion on the subject, again his heart failed him. At length he contrived to enquire what was the name of her aunt, and to what part of Paris he might conduct her, that he might leave her in safety, ere he fulfilled the painful, but absolutely necessary task, of parting from her. The question brought out a reply that electrified him. The name of her aunt was De Verencourt, but of her residence in Paris Endora had no knowledge. It was some months since she heard of her, and she might, in fact, be no longer there. Here then was a cruel delay, and one to which no definite termination could be fixed. The situation of Madame de Verencourt, though respectable, was not sufficiently distinguished to be very generally known. At the inn where they now

were, she was wholly unknown, and this new misfortune completed the impatience of Montreville and the distress of Endora. At length, after some time passed in fruitless enquiries, a servant informed Sir Castleton he had obtained information of a lady of the name of De Verencourt, living in a part of Paris which he named, and where he offered to conduct him and Endora. Montreville ordered a fiacre; and whilst the man withdrew to seek one, endeavoured to address his agitated companion in terms likely to soothe her intense grief. He assured her of his esteem, his regard—he said, his affection. "Yet in offering you these cold and empty expressions of what I yet really feel," he added, "I am sensible I feel far short of what you deserve, and what I ought to pay, yet cannot. Circumstanced as I am, even though I should, through the villany of others, never regain the heart or receive the hand of Miss Coventry, I am yet constrained, in justice to my own character, to go to England. If my happiness should be irrecoverably lost, my fame may yet be

redeemed; and it is necessary to my existence, and to the preservation of my intellects, that I should do so. Imperious honour may perhaps command me to offer you my name, thrown, as we have been, into a situation which must appear at least dubious to a misjudging world. But, Endora, could you be happy to accept, or I to give, a hand unaccompanied by the heart, which alone could give it value? My heart is, and will always be, under every circumstance, wholly Julia's. To offer you friendship and the concomitants of friendship, esteem, and brotherly affection, I am aware, sounds so cold as to be almost insulting; but be assured, dear and lovely Endora, it is only for Julia that I feel a warmer sentiment than that. I offer you, to her only are you secondary in my love."

"And Oh! may Julia reward you!" sighed Endora. "May she love you as ardently and more happily than the wretched Endora! Oh! grant him, Heaven!" she impressively added, raising her wild and tearless eyes, "grant him fame, happi-

ness, prosperity—give him back to love, to Julia! to that blessed state from which my weakness has assisted to tear him. Forgive me, Oh! most beloved! forgive my fatal compliance with the wicked plots of others; and when you remember my errors, recal also to your mind the expiation I shall make, and pity, even if you hate me."

"I do pity those generous emotions which urge this self-condemnation for a venial error," replied Sir Castleton completely softened. "I love you, Endora, I esteem you—I forget in your subsequent delicate conduct in a most trying situation, the error of a moment. Were not my heart Julia's, it must be wholly Endora's. I shall never forget you, sweet and interesting girl! but in remembering you, I shall remember only the kind friend, the attentive nurse, the tender and amiable woman, to whom only a soul, filled like mine with a prior attachment to one equally good, could have been cold; for where love is due, friendship must ever appear indifference."

The fiacre was announced. Endora threw herself speechless into the arms of Montreville, and he carried her fainting and unattended to the carriage. As he prepared to enter it after her, two men advanced, in one of whom he perceived *Gilbert;* and the other presenting a *lettre de Cachet*, placed the still insensible Endora on the steps of the Hotel; and forcibly placing Montreville in the carriage, conveyed him to the Bastile.

CHAPTER III.

The distress of Endora, when on her recovery she found herself still at the hotel, surrounded by strange and inquisitive faces, and learned from the well-dressed lady who called herself the Mistress, that Montreville had deserted her, was too great for endurance. Her heart, already torn with anguish, could not withstand the dreadful shock. That Sir Castleton had been forced away, and that by means of that scourge of France, a *lettre de Cachet*, was known only to Gilbert and the officer concerned. The hostess loudly complained, and declared, she knew not where to send the girl, but resolved not to keep her there. Such a complication of misery was too much—Endora's senses fled before the deep impression, and she became completely maddened. Many hours elapsed in wild and incoherent ravings, and no one

seemed to know in what way to dispose of the unhappy girl, till at length the waiter who had before offered to conduct her and Montreville to Madame de Verencourt, now came forward, and asked permission to convey her to that lady, or send for her to the hotel. Endora, now still, and exhausted by her wild exertions, was once more placed in a fiacre, and, attended by two persons, whose humanity was engaged by her appearance and situation, carefully conveyed to the lady named by the waiter. It fortunately proved to be the aunt of Endora: and changed as that lovely girl now was, Madame de Verencourt immediately recognized her, and Endora's pocket-book, and some letters from this aunt contained in it, completely identified her. Here then Endora found a safe and sure asylum.

Madame de Verencourt received with every mark of tenderness and affection, the unfortunate and unconscious daughter of a beloved sister; and having amply rewarded those who had kindly assisted the interesting maniac, applied herself unceasingly in endeavours to restore the once brilliant in-

tellects of her favourite. In the strange and unconnected tale she had gathered from the persons who took Endora to her house, she could learn very little, and understand less. Who the English gentleman could possibly be with whom Endora was travelling, and whose desertion had so evidently been the origin of her mental calamity, she could not learn; nor could she conceive why her niece, whom she had believed safe in her Convent, should thus have become his companion, or why they should come to Paris together to seek her, which it was evident they had done, from the information of the servant of the hotel where they had stopped. No satisfactory account could be obtained from any one, and Endora herself had now apparently lost all traces of the past—never spoke, and was in fact more like one idiotic, than mad. To write to St. Auberive was all Madame de Verencourt could do, and this she did immediately. But St. Auberive was not at Courtray, He was busily employed in searching for the fugitive whose flight had so much astonished and distressed him.

Unable to obtain any tidings of her, however, for he had taken a completely different route, he came at length to Paris, purposely to relate to his aunt his unhappiness, and there he found the object of his search, in a state so melancholy, that the shock for some time greatly affected his health. Bitterly exasperated against the perfidious Montreville, as he believed him, and not without apparent reason, he incessantly lamented the impossibility of tracing and chastising him. His intentions towards Endora, St. Auberive was assured were not honorable, since a man of his consequence, fortune, and figure could hardly have expected a refusal to an offer of marriage from the woman who was not only disengaged, but whose heart was so evidently his own. St. Auberive deeply felt the disgrace done to his family; and unable to bear the sight of Endora in a situation so melancholy, and unwilling to return to Courtray, where he anticipated questions he could not bear to reply to, he entered into a regiment situated at

some distance, and left Paris and Endora for ever.

Madame de Verencourt was one of the most amiable creatures in the world, and with unwearied kindness applied her whole time and care to promote the comfort of her unfortunate niece, whose intellects seemed gone for ever. She was however, perfectly quiet and docile, and Madame could not bear to think of sending her to any place appropriated for such maladies, where correction and harsh treatment might be thought necessary. Her friends blamed her, and called it mistaken kindness; but Madame de Verencourt had once been an eye-witness of the extreme rigour of an abode of this kind, and therefore contented herself with calling in the best advice of Paris, and under her own eye administered what the physicians prescribed, rather as a trial, than with any hopes of success.

Of Sir Castleton Montreville no one knew or heard any thing. Gilbert, the vile Gilbert, and the officer who served the *lettre de Cachet*, were the only persons who

knew the name or the rank of the man by this infamous transaction deprived of liberty, and they were too anxious to conceal it for it to transpire. Madame de Verencourt knew it only from her nephew, but was ignorant of his fate, and the circumstances which had attended *their* acquaintance were so far from pleasing or respectable, that she was by no means desirous of making remarks or enquiries which might spread Endora's unfortunate history still more widely.

To return for a moment to Montreville. When the extreme astonishment and agitation, occasioned by a seizure so entirely unexpected as to deprive him for a few minutes of the power of acting or thinking, had in some degree subsided, Sir Castleton vehemently insisted on his immediate release, and struggled violently to free his arms from the rude grasp of the men who sat on each side of him. The blinds of the carriage were closed, and he could not discern the faces of his companions. The hateful voice of Gilbert, however, was but too familiar to his ear, as with taunting

civility and ironical respect he begged his master to be more quiet, and submit peaceably to a fate from which there was neither escape nor appeal, since the power of a *lettre de Cachet* was unquestionable.

"It's power cannot reach me," replied the Baronet firmly. "I am no subject of France, nor am I to be exposed to the operation of its arbitrary laws. A *lettre de Cachet* cannot confine me, nor will I submit to it, I will appeal to the government,—to the king himself, against such an outrage."

"You will be tolerably clever if you do," replied Gilbert insolently.

"Peace, miscreant!" said Montreville firmly, "or speak only to say by what infamous means, and for what infamous purpose, I am thus deprived of liberty. Unveil to me the diabolical plots which inveigled me from my country and my friends. Tell me, wretch! why I am here —by whose means, and at whose instigation!"

"Don't call names, Sir Castleton," answered Gilbert coolly. "Your future

comforts depend too much on my authority to make it safe to brave my power. As to *why* you are here, it *is* that *my master*, Mr. Ravenscroft Montreville may marry your Julia, and so he will. I shall tell you no more, for I am not fool enough to betray those who *can* make my fortune for those who *cannot;* and I should not have told you thus much only I thought you would like to be able to imagine how your English friends were employed in your absence. Come, Sir, the carriage stops, and you are arrived at your last home on this side the grave."

Sir Castleton disdained to answer the insolence of Gilbert, whose information, much as he wished to believe it prompted only by a malignant desire of tormenting, carried with it, a degree of possibility which wrung every fibre of his heart with anguish, and forced a kind of belief which all his confidence in Julia's affection could not subdue. Determined not to submit tamely to an imprisonment which he was well aware was illegal, he made violent personal efforts to release himself from the

strong gripe of his two tormentors, as they rudely pulled him down the steps of the fiacre. Rage and despair augmented his natural strength, and with a violent effort he threw the infamous Gilbert to a distance against a wall, where the wretch lay bleeding and unable to rise. The other fellow, however, who had been wholly silent, was more athletic; and Sir Castleton's exertions had considerably spent his strength. A man with several keys in his hands came forward, and lending his assistance, the refractory prisoner was at length overpowered, and he heard the key turn on him which deprived him of liberty, and of happiness for ever. A fever seized him in consequence of bodily and mental agitation, and Gilbert quitted France, uncertain whether his persecuted victim were alive or dead. We must leave this kingdom, so fatal to the happiness, the interests, and the character, of one of the most amiable of men; and turn to England, where successful villany was but too securely triumphant; and where every circumstance in which the unfortunate Montreville had played so con-

spicuous a part, formed a chain of evidence so artfully linked, and so unhappily coinciding with each other and with report, as to condemn him, even in the opinion of those who believed slowly, and with extreme pain, any thing so much against him. In vain they recalled his former life, his amiable character, his apparently open and ingenuous disposition. Alas! so strong were present circumstances, that this retrospection only added another unsuspected trait of evil, and stamped him a more finished hypocrite. One heart only dared to believe him innocent, one tongue only dared to own it, and this faithful friend was Maria Giffard. But her weak voice was lost in the clamour of scandal and malevolence, and the schemes of villany enjoyed a present triumph.

CHAPTER IV.

THE return of Gilbert to England with the account of his final success in his late infamous exploit, was the signal for the confederate villains to proceed more boldly and openly in their operations. The passion which Ravenscroft Montreville had originally only feigned for Miss Coventry, the more successfully to ruin the happiness of Sir Castleton, was now become as violent, and as much like love, as his heart was capable of feeling. To obtain her was now necessary for his own gratification, as well as to consummate his revenge on his unhappy cousin; and the story brought by Gilbert, and industriously propagated, was but too effectually calculated to mislead still farther an already prejudiced multitude. That the Baronet had actually carried off from Courtray a young and lovely girl, that he had returned Selima

the favorite and gift of Julia, and that no letters had been returned to those which Julia had latterly addressed to him in Flanders, were facts not to be disputed. The brother of Endora had authenticated the report of the elopement, and every other circumstance confirmed it. Nothing remained to stamp Sir Castleton a thorough villain in the minds of those thus already prepared, but the desertion of Endora, and his utter forgetfulness of every other tie of love or friendship. This fatal corroboration of every other act of iniquity was brought by Gilbert, and quickly promulgated by the rest of the precious crew. Endora, deserted in the streets of Paris, deprived of her senses—pennyless, and friendless—friendless, at least, for what her seducer knew and cared, such was the statement of Gilbert, and such was the account transmitted in grief and indignation by St. Auberive himself, who wrote in all the bitterness of wounded honor and blasted happiness to George Coventry, to whom he had before written to bewail the loss of his sister. " He left her," said he, in his

letter, "he left her, senseless and exposed to derision and insult, on the steps of an hotel. He had, indeed, learned from the unhappy girl the probable existence of an aunt somewhere in Paris, and to her he bade a vulgar fellow conduct her, uncertain whether she would be received, degraded as she was, and in fact, uncertain whether Madame de Verencourt still existed—whether, if alive, still in Paris, or where in that immense city she was to be found. The man to whose care my wretched sister was consigned was not, like his vile employer, destitute of the feelings of humanity. He discovered, at length, the residence of my aunt, and thither my sister, now totally deprived of reason, was conveyed, and there in the same melancholy state, she still remains, under the kind protection of the best of women. I sedulously sought this vile deceiver, but hitherto in vain, yet I will not rest till I find and punish him. Oh! who could have believed that so much apparent candour, so much sweetness of look and manner, were exerted only to delude the

weak and unwary? I could have pledged my life on his honor, on his goodness, but I have learnt a useful lesson from dreadful experience. I will trust no more those amiable appearances which have once so cruelly deceived."

Such was part of St. Auberive's letter, which, without any connivance on the part of Gilbert, arrived in the exact moment when its contents could best assist the conspirators. To doubt seemed no longer possible, even to those who had wished to believe Sir Castleton innocent. Julia herself gave up his defence, though she could not recover her peace of mind; and pride and shame at having been so deceived, though in common with every other person who had known him, assisted to make her endeavour to forget and despise him. During this mental struggle between love and a sense of duty and propriety in the breast of Julia, for notwithstanding these indisputable proofs of her lover's apostacy it was still a struggle, Mr. Montreville, by the advice of Morris, without whose counsel he did nothing, kept entirely aloof.

Morris was well aware that to approach Miss Coventry with success much delicacy was necessary, and that it was not in a moment like the present, when her heart was lacerated by disappointment and grief at her lover's desertion, and feebly supported by pride, that his friend could be seen with approbation. Comparisons were obviously not desirable, and Morris knew they were inevitable. Montreville had just sense enough to confess his own want of talents to conduct a plot of this complicated nature, and therefore suffered himself for the present to be guided by the superior invention and management of Morris. The insinuating manners, intelligence, and apparent candour of this man, secured him the admiration and friendship of almost every person who knew him. Nothing could be more uncautious and open than his general conversation, few men more polished in his manners, or lively in his humour; and Mr. Giffard, who hated equally himself and his wife, though not exactly knowing why, was the only one who did not accord him the usual lavish

meed of praise. With the Coventry's, he was a distinguished favorite; and even Julia, though he was the avowed friend of Ravenscroft, acknowledged his powers of pleasing to be uncommonly great.

Derbyshire, since the late events, had presented so many distressing recollections to the mind of Julia, that Mr. Coventry had gladly disposed of his house there to a gentleman, and removed principally to London, where his son, now married to Almeria Rosenthwaite, entirely resided. Mr. Coventry bought a small but lovely estate in Hertfordshire, where he indulged Julia in every wish she could form, and required only in return her earnest endeavour to banish from her breast every vestige of her unworthy attachment. Julia would gladly have forgotten; but

'Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.'

So Julia found it; but gratitude to her parents, who had been all kindness and indulgence during the period of sorrow, demanded her obedience to their wishes, and the conviction of his profligacy whom

she had once so fondly loved and esteemed, enabled her to overcome, though slowly, a partiality once her pride and happiness. Mr. Coventry was very anxious for her union with Mr. Montreville, whose very large property had long counterbalanced his cousin's title in the mind of this avaricious man. He was not ignorant of the passion his daughter had inspired in the bosom of this wealthy heir; and though he acknowledged his infirmity in every respect but wealth, not only to his cousin, but to the generality of young men of fortune and family, yet that circumstance covered a multitude of disadvantages, and rendered him extremely anxious for the alliance. He mentioned it to Mr. Morris, and declared his intention of proposing it to Julia. But Morris interposed; and representing the arguments before stated, prevailed on Mr. Coventry to leave Julia a little longer to the influence of time and reason, and thus spared her for the present the horror of a connection she involuntarily shrunk from. George Coventry, now become a man of the world, and deeply

immersed in speculations where money was continually wanted, heard from his father of the plans in agitation for his sister without so much concern as he formerly would have done. He had been so egregiously deceived by the fair promise of Sir Castleton's seeming virtues and evident graces, that he looked with more complacency upon the awkward manners, comparatively speaking, and folly of Mr. Montreville than he had formerly done. Morris contrived to persuade him, as he had done many others, that Ravenscroft was thrown more into the shade by his cousin's well-remembered superiority, and his own timidity, than he deserved; and that, properly encouraged and brought forward, he was by no means deficient in sense or powers of entertaining, George was willing to be convinced, for Ravenscroft had a great deal of superfluous wealth, and as *he* sometimes wanted that commodity when his father was unwilling to supply it, he thought a rich brother-in-law no bad resource.

CHAPTER V.

It is not to be imagined that Mr. Giffard gave up the cause of his friend without an effort to stem the public opinion, or yielded at length to what appeared stubborn facts without pain. He reasoned and pleaded as long as reason seemed to justify him, but yielded at last to overwhelming evidence.

"I will no longer endeavour to vindicate him," said he to his wife, after the return of Gilbert, "for his actions will not bear it."

"Nor will I," replied Maria; "not because I believe the atrocious crimes laid to his charge, but because I provoke still more rancour and malignity from the world towards him. I no longer seek to remove your prejudices, founded as they are in fancied conviction, and slowly and unwillingly admitted; but wait and watch

patiently, and judge a few months hence, from the conduct of others, whether Castleton has not been basely traduced."

"But why? to what purpose should they traduce him? No one can think worse of Ravenscroft Montreville than I do, as a fool and a miser; but I cannot imagine any reason why I should think him a villain. Besides, only recollect how many rascals must have connived to connect and contrive so many lies, if lies they are, which are now spread abroad. If Castleton be innocent, where is he? Why does he not appear, and by the energetic, yet simple eloquence of truth, confound his defamers? I wish I *could* believe well of him, Maria, for I loved him, but I cannot disbelieve —I cannot deny, where facts appear so strong."

Yet, though thus prejudiced against Sir Castleton, Mr. Giffard did not neglect the trust reposed in his hands respecting his pecuniary concerns. The steward he had placed in Cornwall was true to his trust, and Marriot, at the Derbyshire estate, was fidelity itself. The confederates were un-

able to draw the advantages they had intended from the property of the Baronet, and dared not attempt, in the most distant way, to tamper with the well-known honesty of both the stewards, fearful of such attempts reaching the knowledge of Mr. Giffard, and awakening doubts which now securely slumbered.

Months passed on, and no tidings arrived or could be gained of Sir Castleton. Many persons believed him dead, but all agreed in the opinion, that some remains of shame and decency still actuated him, if living, and kept him at a distance from the scenes he had disgraced, and the persons he had injured and distressed. Other wonders, however, and new tales of vice and profligacy, had driven him from the minds of the many, and his name was seldom mentioned or remembered but in the circle of his enemies, or the breasts of those who had once so highly regarded him.

Meanwhile, Mr. Montreville had made his long projected proposals to Miss Coventry; deceived by her restored tranquillity, and the quiet civility with which

she received him, into a belief that she had forgotten his cousin, and looked favorably on himself. She was no longer the beautiful girl whom he had formerly known, and her vivacity was entirely fled; but she was still lovely, and above all, still possessed those attractive thousands, which were to him her greatest charms. His first offer of his hand was received with a sort of shuddering horror, for which Julia could assign no reason, and which the excess of her agitation betrayed, even to the undiscerning Ravenscroft, and considerably chagrined him, whilst she unhesitatingly, and too peremptorily, rejected him. Angry and disappointed, for he had assured himself, and his friend Morris had assured him, of success, he immediately sought Mr. Coventry, and related Julia's refusal in terms of great pique. Mr. Coventry was not surprized, though vexed, but trusting to Julia's general habits of obedience, he bade the angry suitor retire for the present, and hope for better days. It is not necessary to trace the arguments between Julia and her father, nor the scenes

of a wretched but brief courtship, which Mr. Coventry's authority rather than tenderness, at length brought about. It is sufficient to observe, that twelve months after the strange disappearance of Sir Castleton, Julia became the reluctant bride of his cousin, and a wretch for life. She married him without one single emotion in his favor; and from a mistaken sense of filial duty, sacrificed every future hope and comfort of her existence. And this she told her mercenary and unfeeling lover.

"I do not wish to deceive you, Mr. Montreville," said she solemnly and coldly; "I warn you not to expect happiness in this miserable union, where hands not hearts will be joined. I will endeavour to do my duty most religiously, but love is out of the question; and if hereafter you lament the absence of affection, of confidence, or of peace, remember I never promised you the first, nor taught you to expect the last."

"I must endeavour by my own attentions and affection to awaken your's, fair Julia," replied Montreville, with awkward gallantry.

Julia turned indignantly away, and when they met again it was at the altar. The bridal pair departed immediately to Mr. Coventry's seat near Hertford, accompanied by Morris and his wife. Nothing could exceed the indignation of Mrs. Giffard when the news of this marriage reached her. " Does not this open your eyes? Will not this convince you?" said she to her husband, as the tears fell from her eyes for the future fate of Julia, the uncertain one of the Baronet.

" Certainly, it is strange enough," replied Mr. Giffard," but I see no particular reason for drawing from it the inference you mean." Mrs. Giffard felt angry, and wisely checked her reply; and Mr. Giffard observing her colour rise, a symptom seldom seen on her fair and placid cheek, retired to his study, and when they met again all was peace and harmony.

Mr. Montreville, without delicacy to perceive the impenetrable coldness and dislike which invariably marked the manners of his wife towards him, fancied himself very happy, and persisted in believing that

Julia could not possibly be otherwise, since she uttered no complaints, and wept only in his absence. He was somewhat annoyed, however, by his friend Morris, who taking much credit to himself for the part he had taken in bringing about this union, very coolly and insolently made a considerable pecuniary demand, not as a favor but a right. This Montreville positively refused, alledging that Morris had been by no means instrumental in the affair, and that he had no right to expect remuneration.

"But I do expect it," replied Morris with an air of complete defiance, and I dare you to refuse it. What! do you forget that a certain frank communication from me would hang you at any time? and do you not know me capable of making it? Be thankful that my demands are moderate, and ask yourself, narrow-souled miser as you are, whether twenty thousands are not cheaply purchased at the expence of two. Gilbert has been at me too, for that cursed agent in France is clamorous again." Montreville groaned and looked very pale,

and observed he had found his plots, however successful, terribly expensive, and that the d——d watchful care of that conscientious fool of a lawyer, Giffard, had baffled the best part of his scheme. Morris heartily agreed in this, but insisted upon having the money, and the other, knowing the fatal extent of his power to ruin him, was obliged to comply. In fact, Morris was at once extravagant and needy, and with little other resource but the money which his wretched partner in iniquity supplied, lived in a very gay and expensive style. It was the hopes of gain that first induced him to join, and indeed contrive the iniquitous plot against Sir Castleton; and having so cleverly and securely conducted it through all its complicated mazes, he conceived himself perfectly at liberty to fleece at will the miserable wretch whom he continually threatened to betray.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTHING material occurred during eighteen months following Julia's marriage, except the birth of a daughter, which Montreville, displeased that it was not a son, seldom noticed but with a querulous complaint of its sex. To Julia the infant was most precious, and gave her a motive for exertion, and a wish for life. It gave a charm to her existence, and relieved the melancholy tedium of her days, for she now rarely left Westbury, a pretty romantic solitude in Sussex, near the coast, which Mr. Montreville had recently purchased. This seclusion was equally agreeable to herself and to him, for he scarcely ever intruded there; and was very willing that she should keep at a distance from London. The birth of the little Julia, therefore, was to her a source of inexhaustible delight and amusement; and supplied most amply the

absence of every other. Mrs. Coventry had been dead some months, and Mr. Coventry, who could not but see the very inharmonious state in which his daughter lived with the wretch whom he had solicited for her husband, incessantly felt the stings of reproach, and fled from the sight of misery which he had himself created. Julia, indeed, never complained, but her manner and countenance were sufficiently explicit. With a fortune almost princely, Mr. Coventry could not be blind to the niggard economy imposed by Mr. Montreville on his family, and was astonished beyond measure at the frequent complaints he heard as to the scarcity of money, and the necessity of good management. For whilst Montreville denied Julia not only the luxuries, to which she had ever been accustomed in her father's house, but many comforts of life, necessary to one educated as she had been; he did not appear to lavish on himself those indulgencies which he refused to her. He lived a great deal in London: but he lived in lodgings, without equipage, and with only

one servant. He gave no entertainments, frequented no amusements, and did not game; Mr. Coventry could not solve the mystery, nor could George assist him; for, angry at the constant refusals of Montreville to lend him money (an accommodation on which he had reckoned without any idea of disappointment,) he very seldom troubled himself even to enquire after a man, whom he held in great contempt. These gentlemen little surmised the various sources which drained the purse of the wealthy Montreville, and, in the constant receipt of vast riches, kept him always poor. His punishment was already begun, and most willingly would he have recalled the past, to have been rid of the galling chains which his partners in iniquity wound round him. Gilbert was growing rich, for he was a prudent knave; and, in a distant part of England, farmed a large tract of hired land, passing there for a gentleman. Morris, who had neither thought nor prudence, had already exhausted the ten thousand pounds bequeathed by the late Baronet to Bertha, or indeed had, with

that sum, satisfied some pressing debts previously contracted. He had no objection to gaming, and she chose to make a figure; Montreville's thousands were, therefore, in continual request. So exactly balanced were the consciences of these well-adapted colleagues, that they lived in continual fear and dependance on each other, well satisfied that not one of the four would have scrupled to hang the rest, if prompted to a discovery by interest or revenge—a *denouement* indeed, which each party, some time or other, expected, and for which all were in some degree prepared.

Fortune, at this time, seemed disposed to do these worthy partners another service. Indeed, the blind goddess appears to have hitherto been, in a most extraordinary degree, their friend. Montreville's finances were every day becoming more and more embarrassed, and his calls for money proportionably more urgent, when the death of Mr. Giffard, which had been some time anxiously hoped by the bad, and dreaded by the good, once more gave

the prospect of plunder, and renovated the sinking spirits of the confederates.

Mr. Giffard's health, never robust, and considerably injured by intense application to the fatiguing business of the law, became every day more alarmingly weak. He had in childhood been subject to consumptive attacks, and every fatal symptom returned with irresistible violence. His complaints were so rapid, that, at the very time the physicians were consulting on the proprlety of sending him to Bristol, or the south of France, he expired. In spite of the unwearied cares of the tenderest of nurses, the most affectionate of wives, he died, universally beloved, and lamented by all, except those whose hatred was an involuntary eulogy!

However Mr. Giffard might incline towards a harsh opinion of Sir Castleton Montreville, he never lost sight of the interests committed to his care; and, even in the midst of sickness and sorrow, when he looked at the wife and child whom he must so soon abandon, these interests were not neglected. He accordingly sent for a

very intimate friend, high in the profession, and of unblemished integrity, to whom he communicated the sacred trust imposed on him by the Baronet, which he did not conceive less sacred by his subsequent degeneracy.

"To tell you the truth," continued he, "I do not think these estates, of which I have been a faithful guardian, will be very safe in the power of Mr. Montreville, who, as heir-at-law, will of course endeavour to obtain the management of them. To you, then, my dear Dalrymple, I am desirous of committing the several documents and vouchers, which, should Sir Castleton ever return, will be satisfactory to him as well as necessary; and I also wish you to act in future, as I have done for these last three years. You will learn by these papers how the accumulated rents have been disposed of. It is to me a most extraordinary circumstance, that Sir Castleton has never by any means, direct or indirect, applied for money during all that time."

"My dear Giffard," replied Mr. Dalrymple, "you can scarcely make another

request which I will refuse, but in this instance I *cannot* serve you. *You* were delegated by the Baronet himself- you received your authority from him, and were commissioned to act for him. To your interference, then, no objection could be made. But your power extends not beyond yourself; nor could I dispute that, which Mr. Montreville may think proper to exert. I will very readily take charge of your documents, and do every justice to your character, should the despicable fellow, for whom you have taken so much trouble, dare to question it; but I abhor and despise the man himself so entirely, that you must excuse me if I decline all interference in his affairs. Why does he not return himself to look after them? because he anticipates the abhorrence of all honest men; and though he dares to disgrace his name and country by such actions as make humanity shudder, he dares not brave the contempt and detestation which they naturally and properly inspire."

It was in vain that Mr. Giffard tried to

change the resolutions of Mr. Dalrymple; since nothing could alter his opinion as to the worthlessness of the man whom he was to serve by so doing; nor, indeed, could Mr. Giffard attempt to controvert a way of thinking, so entirely his own.

Dalrymple took possession of every voucher relative to his friend's concern in this business, and thus had it in his power, in after times, to clear from every imputation a character which only disappointed villany dared to have attacked.

Mr. Giffard survived this transaction but a short time; and as he was a young man, and an honest man in that branch, which generally and illiberally falls under the stigma of a diametrically opposite character, he was not rich. Mrs. Giffard; overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a most tender and exemplary husband, for which only the sweet consciousness of having invariably performed her minutest duty, could offer any alleviation, retired with her only child, then about four years old, to a small patrimonial estate in Yorkshire, poor enough in the adventitious gifts of for-

tune, but rich in good works, in the love and esteem of the virtuous, and the approbation of her own heart!

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

It will be evident to the reader that I have been relating the history of my parents in that of Mr. and Mrs. Giffard, and, closely entwined as it was with that of the unfortunate Baronet, it was necessary. In giving their characters under every amiable feature, I am not actuated by the partial and natural prejudice of a son. I have spoken at once the language of nature, and the world. They lived beloved, and died lamented and revered!

> 'Only the actions of the just
> 'Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

The foregoing narrative, from the time of Sir Castleton's disappearance, was taken from papers and documents in my mother's possession, at least principally so, and those were supplied to her, in after times, by the ill-fated Julia. The interest which my mother always felt in every thing that concerned Sir Castleton and a strange conviction, unaccountable to herself, that he would yet redeem his blasted character, induced her to admit those, whom she always believed his enemies, to her acquaintance, though distantly, for the sole purpose of observing them. As she was penetrating, and they unsuspicious, she frequently caught a look of intelligence, or a word of meaning, which she did not forget. Her acquaintance with Julia was not commenced, at least on intimate terms, till some time after.

From the period of my mother's removal to Richmond Vale, in Yorkshire, there is necessarily a considerable blank in the narrative, the proceedings of the *friends* being involved in obscurity, and only ascertained by some communications made by Julia to my mother.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Giffard's death was the signal for commencing those depredations upon the property of the absent Baronet, which Montreville and his crew had been so impatient to begin. The Steward whom Mr. Giffard had placed over the Cornwall property was immediately dismissed; and every endeavour was made to get into their power the money which had accumulated through his and Mr. Giffard's means for the preceding three years. But this was out of their power, and beyond their knowledge. Timber, to a great amount, was cut down, and Gilbert (or, as he was now called, Mr Powell.) came down to Montreville House in order to superintend those devastations, and secure his own share of plunder. Mr. Montreville, as the nearest relative, and heir both to the title and entailed estates, had no fear of opposition as far

as they were concerned, nor indeed had the ruined Baronet any friend, who would step forth to interfere in his behalf. Yet some there were not quite divested of justice and candour, who thought Montreville's proceedings illegal and improper ; since he certainly could have no right to despoil the estates, which he avowed only to take possession of in trust for his cousin, of whose death he affected not to doubt, though no account of such an event had ever transpired, or even before been hinted at. This extraordinary haste to take advantage of the power, which the unfortunate death of Sir Castleton's agent gave him, together with his marriage to the woman whom his cousin should have made Lady Montreville, certainly did raise suspicions of something dark and mysterious in the conduct of Ravenscroft Montreville, though so vague and undefined as to prevent their being promulgated, and these only in the breasts of a few more reflecting and candid than the rest of mankind.

The estate of Castleton Manor being quite unconnected with the Montreville

property, at Sir Castleton's sole disposal, and entrusted by himself to the undisputed care and management of Marriot, could not, by any means, be appropriated to the use of the harpies who were making a rich harvest of the rest. Morris, indeed, with all the address and insinuation for which he was remarkable, *sounded* at a distance the sentiments of Marriot; but the faithful steward, who hated Ravenscroft and his whole party, was incorruptibly honest, and gave Morris some broad hints of treachery and connivance, which effectually prevented his future appearance at the manor.

Marriot had never been induced by the popular clamour to think ill of Sir Castleton. So long as he heard nothing of the Baronet's death, he took it for granted that he would yet return, and that his present extraordinary absence would then be satisfactorily accounted for. By this honest man's care, the estate was properly farmed, and every thing kept in good repair, whilst the attention of his wife preserved all the interior in equal cleanliness and comfort.

Though unable to comprehend what cause had been sufficient to divide her dear master and the sweet Miss Julia from each other, attached as she well knew they each were, and once on the very eve of being united; indignant as she was against Miss Coventry for her subsequent marriage with the hateful Mr. Montreville; Mrs. Marriot yet found a melancholy satisfaction in the pains which she bestowed on the elegant furniture and decorations placed by Sir Castleton with so much delight in the apartments particularly appropriated, in happier days, to the anticipated use of Julia. Every thing was carefully papered up and preserved; and very often the affectionate creature would retire alone to the dressing-room, to contemplate with tearful eyes, and a heart of sorrow, the picture of her master, as it represented him in the bloom of health, and smiling in the fulness of happiness. That animated smile of innocence and gaiety was probably no longer apparent, even if he, who once owned it, yet lived; for certain she was that, whether separated from his country

and his early connections by his own guilt or the crimes of others, he was wretched; since nothing could persuade her that a heart, once amiable like his, could be *happy* in the pursuits of vice.

Nearly two years passed on, and probably in the same vicious habits on the part of the confederates, but the greater part of that period is wrapped in darkness and uncertainty.

Mr. Montreville and Julia were now entirely separated; for she had taken the unwarrantable liberty of expostulating with him on the impropriety of the devastating system which he was pursuing in Cornwall, uncertain as he was whether his cousin yet lived to reclaim his own. To this Mr. Montreville angrily retorted, by insinuating his belief of her still-existing preference for her false lover, regretting his own folly at having married a woman, who had so ill performed the duties of a wife. A pretty sharp debate ensued, and a long division of interests and communication was the consequence.

Mr. Coventry was dead, and neither

George nor his wife kept up any constant intercourse with their melancholy sister. She sometimes, but very seldom, went to London; but they, fond of the bustle and society of the gay world, voted Westbury, as well as its mistress, very stupid, and avoided it entirely. Julia wished for no other company than her child, who every day improved; and did not regret their coldness. Selima still retained her station in Julia's houshold, and was still a favorite; nor could all the coarse raillery or vulgar anger of Mr. Montreville displace her, though she not unfrequently awoke a painful train of ideas in the bosom of her mistress.

It was late in spring when circumstances of business called Mrs. Montreville to town, and as they were such as seemed likely to detain her there some time, she carried with her the little girl and her faithful Selima, whom, indeed, she feared to leave behind, lest the little-minded malice of her husband should prompt him to destroy the animal.

She had nearly concluded the affair which had taken her to London, and gladly

anticipated the time which would restore her to more congenial scenes, when one morning she had occasion to call on a professional man, who lived in Hanover-Square. She refused the carriage offered by her brother, and walked thither, escorted by him, and attended by Selima. In passing along, a door was quickly opened close to her, when a young lady, uttering a shout of joyous recollection, flew down the stairs, and clung round the neck of Selima, who, on her part, repaid the stranger's caresses with her own. Coventry and his sister in mute astonishment beheld this scene. With extreme wonder they beheld the tears and emotions of the lady, as well as the awkward gambols of the dog, who had evidently discovered an old acquaintance.

"This is most extraordinary, Julia," said Coventry.

The lady instantly turned from her recollected favourite, and gazed intently on the features of Mrs. Montreville with a wild disturbed look. She advanced still nearer, though cautiously, and, putting a

thin white hand on the pallid cheek of Julia, exclaimed in a sweet pretty foreign accent, " Julie ! Montreville's Julie !"

" Oh heaven! Endora !" said Julia faintly, and instantly became insensible.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a state of indescribable anxiety and astonishment, Mr. Coventry followed his sister into the house, from which Endora, (for it was actually Endora) had issued, and from which a lady of most prepossessing appearance now came forth, attended by two servants. They assisted in taking Julia to a parlour, whither Endora also followed. Every means were tried to restore suspended animation for some time to no purpose; but at length Mrs. Montreville unclosed her eyes, and incoherently insisted on seeing Sir Castleton, who, as she said, had suddenly appeared before her.

Endora, who reclined, pale and terrified, on the bosom of an elderly woman, eagerly repeated the name of Sir Castleton Montreville, in a wild and hurried tone, looked quickly round her—then, as if disappointed,

sighed heavily—and reclined again on her attendant.

"All this is most surprising, and in no small degree distressing, Madam," said Coventry at last. "What can I think, what am I to understand by this strange incident? Mademoiselle St. Auberive here in England?"

"Alas! yes—" replied Mrs. Hargrave. "Events of a most distressing nature threw this injured and unhappy girl into my protection. But how is it, sir, that you seem to be so well acquainted with her name, and that this lady appears to take an interest in Sir Castleton Montreville?"

"We have mutually much to learn, and much to relate, Madam," replied Coventry. "If you will kindly forget that we are strangers, and will permit me to wait upon you at any time you may appoint, you will do me an incalculable favour. Circumstances of strong and singular importance urge me to ask this, and I hope will plead my excuse. My name is Coventry, perhaps it may not be unknown to

you, even through this young foreigner—that of Julia was certainly familiar to her."

"It is one which she frequently pronounces, and with peculiar interest," answered Mrs. Hargrave; "Yet, poor thing, without the power of explaining clearly for what reason. But the present is not a time for discussion. If you will take yonr tea here this evening, Mr. Coventry, I will most willingly exchange communications with you. In the mean time I recommend that the adventure be not mentioned to any one.

Coventry promised this; and the coach, that he had sent for being come, he placed his languid and afflicted sister in it, and bade Mrs. Hargrave good morning. Endora refused vehemently to part with Sefima, who seemed very willing to stay with her, and, reposing her cheek on the huge head of the dog, she was perfectly pacified. It was obvious to Mrs. Hargrave that some mystery was connected with this animal, and that its sudden appearance had given a strange turn to the unsettled recollections and disturbed mind of Endora; for she

frequently fixed her eyes with sad intentness on the dog, as if trying to combine the past and the present, and once or twice she repeated the name of *Julie.*

Altogether she seemed restless and unhappy: Mrs. Hargrave, therefore, who was very fond of her, and extremely interested in her recovery, sent for the physician before consulted, hoping that the present symptoms might be a struggle of returning sense, in which Dr. M. agreed. Till Mrs. Hargrave heard from Coventry the incidents connected with Endora, she could not, however, determine what plan would most effectually assist the dawning of reason, and feared to repeat in her hearing, too often, those names, which evidently gave Endora a great degree of agitation.

Julia in the mean time had been conveyed to the house of her brother in a state of most pitiable emotion. George who had by this time discovered that his wife possessed a very common sort of understanding, with a perfectly feminine propensity to wonder and repeat, was very

desirous of concealing from her the real cause of Julia's illness, and giving her a hint to that effect, assured Mrs. Coventry, that it was a sudden attack, for which he could assign no cause; desiring that his sister might be kept perfectly quiet, and not teased with foolish questions.

Almeria and Bertha were in terms of rather intimate acquaintance, and Coventry dreaded lest Julia should repeat in Almeria's presence the name of Endora, at least till he had heard all that Mrs. Hargrave had to say. Something seemed to hint that discoveries of no small importance impended; and whether those discoveries confirmed Sir Castleton guilty, or cleared him from the dreadful stigma now affixed to his character, he wished equally that the communication should be secret, and the name of Endora at present unknown. Julia perfectly agreed with him. Indeed the subject was of so delicate a nature respecting herself—her husband so much inclined to be jealous—and her sister-in-law so little disposed to be discreet, that

she felt greatly relieved at finding her brother's sentiments on the subject so consonant with her own. Mrs. Coventry knew that Julia's health was very delicate, and her nerves greatly shattered by all she had undergone. Being of a cold indifferent temper herself, she understood but little of the sensibilities which prey on others. Contenting herself, therefore, with seeing that her sister had every thing comfortable, and repeating two or three times, to the account which Julia gave of her indisposition, "Dear! how strange!" she begged that the latter would ring for what she wanted, and left her to her own most torturing reflections and unavailing regrets.

Coventry was true to his engagement with Mrs. Hargrave. He did not again see Endora, but learnt that she had gone to bed so extremely wild and restless, that Dr. M—— had administered an opiate; and that Selima, from whom they could not separate her but by force, was safe in her apartment.

More and more convinced that he should

learn something extraordinary, Coventry gave his whole attention to the following account of Mrs. Hargrave's acquaintance with Endora.

CHAPTER IX.

"It is now more than twelve months," said Mrs. Hargrave, "since an accident threw me in the way of this interesting young creature. As it is not of myself I want to speak, I shall merely state, that the breaking down of my carriage opposite the house of Madame de Verencourt, Endora's aunt, first introduced me to them; and I had no sooner entered the house than I blessed the accident which had driven me there. I found that Madame de Verencourt had formerly lived at Paris, till the unhappy state of her niece preying on her own health and spirits, had rendered a purer air and quieter scenes necessary to both. She had then resided at Marli nearly two years, but incessant anxiety on account of the distressing situation of her niece, for whom nothing efficacious could be found, had reduced

her to the brink of the grave! and when I entered the house it was only to become assured that I could be of no effectual use to the dying mistress of it. I soon found that, though not affluent, Madame de Verencourt was in no condition to require pecuniary assistance; but some great and heavy affliction evidently rendered the thoughts of death terrible, though not on her own account.

"My carriage was so much injured that I was under the necessity of sending off to Paris for another conveyance, and the hour or two which I passed at Madame de Verencourt's house, rendered the carriage, when it arrived, useless for that time. I beheld Endora, then in a much more afflicting state than she now is, and I immediately comprehended the source of the invalid's uneasiness. The circumstances under which I found this afflicted family, authorized a freedom that would, at any other time, have been impertinent in a total stranger like myself. I ventured to offer my services, and promise my protection to the poor *idiot*, as I then thought

her, and this expression drew from Madame a little history, as clear as at such a moment she had power to give. Execrating the cold-hearted wretch, who had thus reduced so lovely a girl to a state so dreadful, I solemnly promised to take Endora into my own particular care.

"I have no family, and an ample fortune.—I felt that my heart would incessantly reproach me if I abandoned this young woman to strangers. My promise seemed to smooth the bed of death—Madame expired the following day—I felt a great reward in her blessings, and in the consciousness of having rendered the last hours of a fellow-creature happy. How far Sir Castleton Montreville carried the seduction of Endora—whether she is innocent of any intentional guilt, or unworthy of my protection—I have never been able to ascertain. I can only learn that he took her from a Convent in Flanders; that he deserted her in the streets of Paris; and that his conduct drove her to distraction. She has somewhere a brother living, but I have not been able to discover him, nor

did any body, whom I questioned in France know where to find him. All I could do towards discovering the truth of the circumstances related to me, I did; I went myself to Courtray, where I heard nothing which could lead me to think her a loose or immoral girl. The lady who had been abbess during Endora's residence there, was dead; but the nuns in general gave a very favorable account of her, though they seemed to think that she had been deceived by a pretended friend named Bertha de Rosemont, whose character was that of a very light and intriguing girl. She eloped from the convent on the same night that Endora did; and, as they had for some time supposed, with Sir Castleton Montreville.

Of all that followed this double elopement, I found they were ignorant; but one young and interesting girl, who seemed to have felt an affection for Endora, whilst the others certainly envied her, gave a sort of half-hint that there was something dark and mysterious in the business, and that she suspected the Baronet had been very basely deceived. I

applied to the then abbess, for clearer information; but as I dared not implicate the fair nun in that which I had already received, I obtained nothing new. *I* had no interest in the character of Sir Castleton. The mischief was irremediable respecting Endora, since, even if he returned and wished to make the only compensation now in his power, her sad derangement prevented it. Pecuniary assistance she did not want; and my only hope was and is, that they will never meet, particularly since this morning. I had left Endora at Marli, with my own servants, during my hasty journey to Courtray. I found her on my return precisely in the same state, and, fancying that change of scene might do good, and could do no harm, I prepared to carry my poor invalid to the south of France, whence indeed I had only just returned.

The air, more than any variety of scene, certainly did her good, and for some months I pursued this plan. Gradually she awoke from that utter stagnation of ideas. She appeared sometimes pleased

with what she beheld—she would miss me if I left her, and welcome me back with a faint smile, while her beautiful eyes were fixed on my features, as if striving to recollect them. I fancied that she would have recognized a face she had once known; but mine was a stranger. I once ventured to repeat the name of Montreville—she looked eagerly around—a bright flush painted her cheek—she sighed bitterly—and for some days was so much less intelligent and more wild, that I dared not repeat the trial. That the appearance of your dog, sir, and the mention of your sister's name have awakened her slumbering recollection, I cannot doubt, and, I think, will have a serious effect, though of what nature I cannot decide.

I have now been in England only a few weeks, and in London a few days, where, in fact, I only came to procure advice for Endora. Dr. M. does not pronounce her malady incurable, though whether the restoration, which we so much desire to effect in her mind, be a desirable event or otherwise, is very doubtful. At present

she possesses infantine and negative happiness in the mere absence of reflection. God knows whether returning sense may not be rather a misfortune, by awaking memory.

May I ask, Sir, to whom your dog belonged? May I enquire how that and the name of Julia can have become familiar to Endora? I have before heard her pronounce that name.

Mr. Coventry satisfied Mrs. Hargrave on those points, and then begged her to say whether she had any idea that a visit to Courtray, by a friend of Sir Castleton, would be likely to obtain any information as to his present fate? "I hardly know, though," added he thoughtfully, "whether I am justified in saying a *friend* of his, since his vices have hardly left him one; but though I fear nothing can be discovered to exculpate his conduct previous to his disappearance from Paris, yet I am desirous of finding out, if possible, what has since become of him. Indeed, should the hint given by the nun be correct (but nothing can be sufficient to plead his excuse for

the double desertion of my sister, and this unfortunate girl), yet if hereafter—but tell me, madam, what do you advise?"

"Certainly if any one be yet interested in the fate or character of Sir Castleton, I should recommend an investigation, but let it be a secret one; since if he has really been deceived, it must have been by some enemy, who may be watchful to deceive him still. I cannot imagine how a man could be led by any delusion, except that of his own dissolute propensities, to act as he has done; but if, as you hinted, you should hereafter find Sir Castleton more "sinned against than sinning," you might regret the indignation, which now prevents your ascertaining the truth."

"Then I will go myself," answered Coventry. "I once loved him with a brother's love, and I almost condemn the supineness of my conduct; yet under every circumstance, I am not altogether blameable. As soon as I can make it convenient I will repair secretly to Flanders. In the mean time, madam, you will, perhaps, allow me to communicate and consult with

you, and to enquire personally after Mademoiselle St. Auberive."

Mrs. Hargrave gave him a general invitation, and, at his request, went to ascertain the situation of Endora. She was less wild, but extremely dejected—weeping excessively—talking to Selima—evidently wavering between derangement and a painful endeavour at recollection of past distressing objects. Mrs. Hargrave sat with her during the night; and many of her incoherent expressions, which were repeated in the morning to Mr. Coventry, confirmed him still further in his determination of going to Courtray.

CHAPTER X.

In a few days Mr Coventry was ready to depart on his secret expedition, having framed a plausible tale to amuse his wife and sister. Mrs. Montreville was still too ill to leave London; and though she seldom mentioned to her brother the strange affair which had caused her illness, he saw that she thought of little else, and that continual anxiety retarded her recovery. Mrs. Coventry had been accustomed to consider her as a nervous invalid, and therefore did not observe her present dejection.

When Coventry called on Mrs. Hargrave, previous to his departure, Endora was present, and, as he mentioned the word Courtray, in rather a louder tone, she started--looked earnestly at him—and said, " Veronica? Yes, who is there. She knew all—she deceived every body. But they stole the dog—he did not send him away.

Oh! best and dearest!—and they murdered him at last!"

A violent shudder and a passionate fit of weeping again destroyed the tranquillity of Eudora. Mrs. Hargrave committed her to the care of the attendant, and finally settled the means of correspondence with Coventry, if it should be found advisable; more than ever persuaded that circumstances, when carefully investigated, would produce much in Sir Castleton's vindication, if not his entire exculpation.

A few days brought Mrs. Hargrave a letter, containing a minute recital of interesting facts. Part of the letter ran thus: "I had a great deal of difficulty in procuring an interview and a conference with sister Veronica; but the porteress could not resist the gold, which glittered in her eyes. As to the cautious old nun, I soon found that she had indeed been an active auxiliary in Bertha's affairs, and well understood the nature of a bribe; adapting her information, with great dexterity, to the magnitude of my offers. I took care to meet her wishes: in consequence of

which she has unfolded to me a tissue of stratagems and deceit, that make me hate my own species, and execrate my own too ready belief. Yet still, so artful, so united, so complete in every part, was this vile scheme, that whilst I blame myself for believing, I see not how I could avoid it. I dare not commit to paper all I have learned, nor risk a discovery of names which I cannot repeat without horror. Yet though I become every moment more convinced of the injuries done to my friend, and more eager to avenge them, the uncertainty of his present fate checks any active endeavours. No one knows where this most unfortunate man now is. No one has been able to trace him from the hotel, where he is said to have deserted his wretched companion. I shall, however, proceed immediately to Paris, and spare no pains to make that discovery on which my future peace materially depends.

"Ah, Madam! I feel that I have indeed much to perform, ere I shall have acquitted myself of the debt due to him I have so wronged. I ought to have remembered the whole tenor of his life—his well-estab-

lished character. I ought to have doubted—to have enquired. Yet I thought I had been slow in believing, till multiplied proof brought unwilling conviction. None but a dæmon could have contrived, none but fiends executed, such a plot—none but those capable of thinking like them could have suspected such atrocity. If the injured sufferer be alive—if his life, as well as his fame and happiness, have not been sacrificed, *I will find him*. As I hope for mercy, I will restore him to his country and his friends, or perish in the attempt. So very important is secrecy to my project, that I shall not write from Paris, unless obliged; lest any accident should betray my writing to those, who might render all my exertions abortive. So fearfully alive is conscious guilt to the slightest alarm, that I think my lengthened absence, unaccounted for satisfactorily even to my family, will not improbably awaken suspicion. May my endeavours be successful, and shorten at once my absence and my anxieties!"

After dismissing this letter, Coventry quitted Courtray in all haste, disguised as he

had entered it; and left sister Veronica, whose insatiable avarice had overcome her prudence, to feel a degree of alarm at the probable consequences of her communications, which made even her golden treasures almost valueless. Should Sir Castleton be found, and his face unmasked, she dreaded to think of her share in the general *denouement*, conscious, as she was, of having deceived all parties. The old abbess, however, who could most effectually have punished her, and whose confidence she had so completely abused, was *providentially* no more. The stranger—for Coventry had carefully avoided making himself recognizable—had promised to screen her from harm—and she ventured to hope that the good which was to accrue from her last act of treachery would be admitted, in case of a discovery, as a sufficient counterbalance to her former ones. In the mean time she counted her guineas, and *tried* to think that it could not be a very bad action, which was so amply rewarded.

Her communication had been very ample, displaying at once the innocence of Sir

Castleton, and the wickedness of his enemies.

Convinced of his error respecting the voluntary elopement of the Baronet with Endora, and the return of the dog to Julia, Coventry quickly admitted the probable falsehood of the other scandalous assertions, brought forward to ruin the peace and character of Montreville. Morris and Bertha were the most prominent actors in this cruel affair, but Coventry could trace the influence, and participation of Ravenscroft also. His money had bribed the others, and he was very evidently the great gainer by the success of the scheme. Coventry thought of his sister, and was wretched.

For some days after his arrival in Paris, no tidings of Sir Castleton met the eager enquiries of Coventry. He knew not to what hotel Montreville and Endora had gone, and it appeared to have been the only house which they had entered together.

At length, by describing the scene which had then taken place, as well as the subsequent desertion of Endora and disappear-

ance of Montreville, he succeeded in discovering the hotel, where the circumstance was well remembered, though at the distance of more than five years. To his questions after the gentleman, however, from that period, he could gain no satisfactory intelligence. No one knew where he went, though they recollected that he drove off in a *fiacre*, the very one in which he said that he would take the lady to her aunt; and that he was accompanied by two Englishmen, one of whom he called Gilbert accidentally, as if surprised at seeing him there.

" My reward shall be very ample to any one, who can give me *certain* intelligence of this gentleman," said Coventry, looking round on several men, whom curiosity had drawn about him. His eyes fell on a stout, athletic ill-looking fellow, who stood opposite; and a singular expression in the man's countenance prompted him to follow this person out.

The man looked cautiously round— " What will your reward be," said he,

"if I give you a hint upon your present business?"

"I cannot take hints," replied Coventry, "but I am well provided for an ample disclosure of *facts*. Observe, however, friend, that I do not pay but on conviction."

"And no questions asked?" added the man with a sort of droll tone. "Did you never hear of a *lettre de Cachet?*" resumed he significantly. "Do you know where the Bastile stands? I tell the truth—he is there. This will prove it"

As he spoke, he took a dirty letter from a pocket-book—it was signed "Morris;" and contained all that Coventry wanted. The fellow grinned.

"They have neglected me," said he, "and my conscience is tender, if not pretty often plaistered. They set me at nought, for they think that, after five years of security, and having scared away all the poor gentleman's friends, so that nobody troubles himself about the poor prisoner, they fancy that they can do without me.

Perhaps if I had not been questioned *here* about him, I might not have gone after his friends, for I am pretty lazy; but I am tired of doing dirty work for nothing, and have no objection to do a kindness, if it be convenient to me. I shall be here to-morrow, if you have any thing further to say."

Coventry, in an extasy of joy, put twenty guineas into the man's hand.

"I have no more at present about me," said he, "but I give you my honour that if I find your information true, I will meet you here to-morrow with a larger sum. What will content you?"

"Why, your honour knows that I must be off directly," replied he, "for I shall be in a poorish pickle, if I am found by those hang-dogs, after betraying them —I think a cool hundred in gold, your honour."

Coventry promised him this sum upon conviction: and finding that the man really seemed to have no confederate in France, he took his way to the English Ambas-

sador's, and accompanied him to the Minister of Police.

The next day the informer received his "*cool hundred.*" and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XI.

Endora's health, in the mean time, gradually gave way, as her intellects gained strength. Memory returned, though very slowly; but, situated as she was, what could memory furnish, to a mind like her's, beyond unavailing regret and grief? Yet Mrs. Hargrave forebore to detail the uncertain fate of Sir Castleton, and as she had really never known him, she easily waved the questions, which Endora perpetually asked. From the returning intelligence of the latter, Mrs. Hargrave learned many of the circumstances, which at the same time Coventry heard from Veronica, though in a wild and unconnected manner, as memory and sense returned them to her at intervals, and, from all she could collect, she was assured that the happiness of two innocent persons had been most cruelly sacrificed,

by wretches who disgraced humanity, to serve some purpose of revenge or ambition. When Endora's mind was tolerably clear she would talk, notwithstanding every attempt of Mrs. Hargrave to prevent her. If her benefactress refused to listen, she would still talk to herself—lament her friendless condition—her own errors—Sir Castleton's sufferings—till exhausted nature found a sad relief in imbecility, or became still farther irritated by immoderate weeping. She remembered but little of her aunt, even before this mental affliction—she never seemed to think Mrs. Hargrave any other than Madame de Verencourt, and that lady was careful not to undeceive her, nor load her mind with more than its own burthen. Endora, therefore, always called her aunt.

Dr. M. who observed the fast fading form of the once beautiful Endora, fancied that she might be now tranquil, and gain more bodily strength in the country. He wished Mrs. Hargrave, therefore, to try, at least, the efficacy of a change, and, though anxious to remain in London in expectation of farther information from

Coventry, she immediately gave up every thing for the forlorn hope of her favorite's amendment, and rapidly prepared to accept an invitation she had before received from her brother, which had humanely included Endora.

Endora, who loved travelling, always fancying she was in search of Montreville, and that she should find him when next they stopped, was highly pleased at the sight of the carriage, particularly when she found that Selima was still her companion. She talked to her incessantly of her master—spoke of Courtray—of Veronica—of Bertha—and evidently remembered more, though in a more flighty manner, than she had ever yet done. But her exertions brought on a considerable degree of fever, and the beautiful flush of her cheek was indicative only of disease. Mrs. Hargrave was obliged to rest three days on the road. She had left a letter in town for Coventry, explaining the motives of her journey, and her destination, apologizing at the same time for having allowed Endora to retain his dog. What

was the surprise of Coventry, when he did reach London, at finding that it was actually to Ashborn Abbey to which she had borne her melancholy charge!

Mrs. Hargrave's brother, a Mr. Singleton, a bachelor of large fortune, had taken the abbey after Mr. Coventry quitted it; and he neither knew of his sister's interest in Sir Castleton Montreville's affairs, nor she of the vicinity of the Baronet's estate to the abode of her brother. She heard of Castleton Manor with a degree of astonishment and emotion which surprised Mr. Singleton in return: and she then related to him the circumstances in which Endora was placed—a recital which awakened still farther the innate benevolence of this truly good man.

"I have heard something of a mysterious fate hanging over this unfortunate Baronet, from the steward at Castleton Manor," said he, "but I could only make out that he was lost—that he was wretched, and had been cruelly injured by defamation. Marriot and his wife insist upon his being an angel, and certainly do seem to adore his memory.

They are very guarded when they speak of him, and his singular disappearance, which they determine to believe involuntary. I find that he was to have married the daughter of my predecessor here, but she is married to his cousin, and that is the dark part of the story. There are some apartments beautifully fitted up, purposely for her. By-the-bye, there is also a charming portrait of the Baronet himself; and as I and Marriot are great friends, I will take you to see it."

"I wonder whether it would strike Endora," said Mrs. Hargrave: "I have an idea that any thing which would *decidedly* awaken memory, might settle her wandering senses; and though she might become more melancholy, I think her health would be less injured, and she would suffer less than she now does from such violent flights, and such continual efforts at recollection."

Mr. Singleton thought the same; and it was agreed that the portrait of Montreville should be suddenly disclosed to Endora, as soon as she had recovered from the little fatigue of her journey.

"I think, too," said Mr. Singleton, who was a benevolent visionary, and loved to imagine scenes of happiness which he loved better still to realize—"I think, Harriet, as Miss Coventry cannot reward the Baronet for his troubles and wanderings, that, when he returns from his travels, he shall marry this little Endora, as soon as she quite recovers those wits which he has helped, though I think innocently, to scare away—A good scheme, is it not?"

Mrs. Hargave was less sanguine as to the restoration of Endora's senses, or at least, dared not hope that they would ever be sufficiently so for her to become the wife of any one. But she knew her brother's propensity to build castles, and said little.

Endora being at length tolerably well, and composed, if not intelligent, it was agreed that they should take advantage of a lovely day, and try their well-meant experiment on her improving sensibility. Endora was delighted with her ride, and smiled, and looked as if she *thought*, though she did not talk. Her eyes and her smile were less vacant;—her cheek,

thin and hollow as it was, glowed with a temporary brilliancy ;and though her form was delicate to fragility, she had never looked more interesting, seldom more beautiful.

When the carriage stopped at the gate, Marriot and his wife were both absent; but this had often been the case before; and Mr. Singleton walked into the house without ceremony, supporting Endora. He ascended the stairs, and went forward to what were denominated the ladies' apartments. Mrs. Hargrave's heart beat painfully at the thought of the different effects which the portrait *might* produce, and she half wished to retreat without making the trial. However, Mr. Singleton re-assured her, then threw open the door, and walked up to withdraw the cloth curtain which the care of Mrs. Marriot had hung before her dear master's resemblance. He did not remark the singularity of the windows being unclosed, nor did he look round him as he advanced, his ideas being intent upon one object. Mrs. Hargrave's eyes were fixed upon Endora, when the sudden change of

her countenance, and a faint shriek, made that attentive friend pursue the direction of her singular looks. A gentleman advanced from an adjoining apartment, and received the trembling Endora in his arms; whilst she—her cheeks glowing—her eyes radiant with love and recovered sense, exclaimed in a most animated tone, "It is Montreville! it is himself! Oh tell me, ever dear! am I forgiven? Do you once more recognize Endora, with tenderness and pity?"

Sir Castleton, for it was indeed himself, repeatedly pressed the emaciated white hand of Endora to his lips, while tears bedewed them! "Endora," said he, "you are all the world has left me, and to you do I look for all that world can now bestow, resembling happiness. I am your's as long as I remain on earth, or I am nothing."

With a convulsive sigh, which memory extorted, Sir Castleton pressed Endora to his heart. She lifted her eyes from him to heaven; the glow of delight which had before crimsoned her cheek, faded to ashy paleness;—the lambent flame vanished

from her eyes—" I die," said she, "but I am content to die. This moment of happiness counterbalances whole years of pain and darkness!—Beloved!—Adieu for ever!" With an angelic smile she laid her cheek on the agonized breast of Montreville, and breathed out her pure soul in one gentle sigh!

CHAPTER XII.

Such was the meeting, and such the catastrophe, which awaited the unfortunate Baronet on his return to his native land, after five years of imprisonment and sorrow. It is of his liberation from captivity, that we are now to speak.

The incidents following the cruel and illegal act, which had immured him in the horrible cells of the Bastile, were necessarily few and monotonous. The frantic bursts of passion, which for some days succeeded his entrance into that worst of prisons, gave way to sullen despair, as he became sadly convinced that escape or redress was impossible. The man, whom his infamous foes had selected to attend on him, was entirely in their interest, ferocious and insulting. To all Montreville's intreaties that he might be informed *why* he was there, at whose instigation, or for how

long a time, no answer was returned. To his observation that such imprisonment was illegal, and that those, who had contrived and executed such an outrage, were liable to the laws—the man sneered, and replied, "that since they had him safe there, they defied the law." Even when circumstances unknown to him caused another jailor, less cruel than this brutal fellow, to become his attendant, he found no other amelioration of his destiny than a more respectful manner, and the absence of abusive taunts. His new keeper evidently felt more compassion than he dared show, but, true to his injunctions (of what nature soever they might be) he resolutely, though not unkindly, refused to answer questions, or convey a letter out of the prison. To all Montreville's questions, indeed, he invariably pleaded ignorance, but without gaining any belief in his assertions.

Time moved on slowly and miserably, but still hope sometimes vouchsafed to gild the gloom; and, ignorant of the complicated vices laid to his charge, which almost absolved the too ready belief of those who

heard them, he continued to expect that assistance and relief from the exertions of his English friends, which came not. His personal wants, meantime, were not wholly neglected. He had linen, books, even writing and drawing materials, for those who allowed these indulgencies were well assured that nothing would pass the walls of his cell, and that they ran no risk in not being absolutely savage. These circumstances, therefore, inspired him with transient, but still returning hopes of better days; and he dared to picture to his imagination, Julia rejoicing in his return, and rewarding the love and faith which she had never doubted, with the dear name of husband. He fancied, too, the warm congratulations of his friends, and the confusion of his enemies, whom he was at no loss to identify, and whom, even in the midst of sorrow and suffering which he owed to them, he generously determined to forgive, nor seek for them any other punishment than what their own conscience and the contempt of the world might bring.

Such were his sentiments, such his hopes, when a packet was one evening delivered to him. Eagerly he broke the seal—it contained only an English newspaper. Convinced that some important information, in which he was interested, was thus conveyed to him, he yet feared to ascertain its tendency; and his mind, weakened by misfortune, seemed to forebode that additional burthen of grief, of which he hesitated to become assured. At length, with a hand which trembled so much as to threaten destruction to the paper, he opened it—intuitively directed his eyes to the list of marriages—he read of Julia's union with the hated Ravenscroft Montreville, pompously described—he read it repeatedly, till sense and vision alike overcome, he fell to the floor, and the attendant found him in a state of happy insensibility.

The succeeding five months were lost to his benighted soul. A fever, which, at the end of that period, reduced him to the brink of the grave, restored his senses, but peace existed only in their deprivation.

From that time the whole world vanished

from his sight. He felt not a wish to break his chains, and be at large; since all was lost which could endear life, or render liberty desirable. Thus indifferent as to existence, hopeless, and not desiring freedom, his melancholy days, and months, and years, passed on in cheerless inactivity. He neither read nor wrote, nor admitted one pleasurable idea, save that of his final emancipation, and that happiness in a better world, which no action of his in this miserable one had forfeited. In him was truly exemplified the inestimable blessing and consolations of a clear conscience, and true religious confidence. He looked forward with trust and hope to that eternity, to that awful day "when we must all "appear before the judgment seat of Christ, "that every one may receive the things "done in his body, according to that he "hath done, whether it be good or bad."

In the dreary depths of a prison, deprived of every wordly good, he dared confidently to look up to his God; whilst the guilty wretches, who triumphed over his temporal happiness, and revelled in the

spoils of his possessions, feared solitude as the worst of evils; dreaded discovery from every eye, and affected to deride the HEREAFTER which they trembled to anticipate.

Thus abstracted from the world, retired within himself, and anxiously desiring to sleep and wake no more, Sir Castleton Montreville endeavoured to forget all that he had once possessed and lost. He had no longer any expectation of being liberated; and though some natural wishes would sometimes intrude to know what had been said of him in the world—what arts and falsehoods had eventually prevailed on Julia to forget him, or consider him as one unworthy of her esteem—the desire gradually became fainter, and at length almost ceased.

In this frame of mind Coventry found him, when, after a lapse of five years, the mere accident of a dog's sagacity unveiled a long scene of iniquity, and once more gave his injured friend unblemished to the world.

The contrast of manner between these

two young men—the difference of their appearance, though so similar in years—the agitation of Coventry, which, interdicting speech, expressed his feelings and his purpose in tears and sighs, opposed to the grave and placid resignation of Montreville, was indeed singularly striking. A spectator would have pronounced the former the prisoner, anticipating a joyful release, the latter a grave stoic preparing to effect it.

"You are free, my friend, you are at liberty," said Coventry, presenting the order for Montreville's release, and speaking with difficulty, through the excessive agitation of his mind. "Come," added he, "let me conduct you from this place, and then let me obtain your forgiveness for daring to doubt your rectitude."

"That you have already, and from my soul," replied Sir Castleton greatly moved. "But tell me, Coventry—is this information correct?" He presented the paragraph of Julia's marriage. Coventry sighed, but remained silent. Montreville changed colour.

"I see how it is," said he, with less firmness of voice than he intended; "and being so, why should I leave this place for that more dreary 'prison-house, the world?' What have I left to make me happy there? Who to welcome me back? Defamed, degraded, alone, in a vast 'peopled wilderness,' what charms can *I* find in a world fitted only for the fortunate and happy? No—leave me here. I am at least tranquil—and there I can hardly hope even for that negative enjoyment."

"But do you believe," replied Coventry, "when circumstances have proclaimed your innocence and your wrongs, when you are restored to life, to friendship, to the world, that renewed, even augmented esteem, will not be the reward of your sufferings, and the tribute which all will gladly pay? Believe me, my dear Montreville, there are active duties atached to your situation in life, which are not to be dispensed with, now that the power of performing them is again your own. But I cannot, much as I have to say, I cannot

say it here. Accompany me to my hotel. You shall be unmolested, even by me, as long as you wish it: but indeed I will not leave you here. I am certain that when you hear what I have to tell you, and see how much the happiness of another depends on you—I might say *others*—your heart and principles are too good to allow your hesitation."

"Alas, my heart is cold and callous," replied Sir Castleton.

He hesitated a moment, and looked with anxious, humid eyes, round his still and confined cell. Coventry too was silent. "Spare me the task," said the Baronet, pointing to a small desk, and the papers scattered around, and then to some few books. Coventry understood the hint, and joyfully threw every thing into a trunk, which Sir Castleton had purchased for his linen.

"I have no money," said Montreville, "and I have found my attendant kind." Coventry put his pocket-book into the man's hand—Montreville grasped the

other—and bursting into tears, looked round as if bidding farewell to the gloomy chamber—then followed, with trembling feet, to open day!

CHAPTER XIII.

The sensations of Sir Castleton, when he again breathed the balmy air, and saw once more the glories of the setting sun, are difficult to imagine—impossible to describe. Yet sadness, more than pleasure, predominated, and the change was so wholly unexpected, so sudden, so unaccountable, that his eyes were not more dazzled by the beams of the sun, than his ideas were bewildered and tumultuous. Every noise startled and annoyed him—every movement fatigued him—and tears, more than words, were the language of his soul. He found it impossible to talk or to listen that evening, and Coventry, though he did not exactly comprehend such feelings, and felt considerably disappointed that they were not more joyous, readily waved all discourse, allowing his agitated friend to retire almost as soon as they reached the hotel, he having refused any other refreshment than a

crust of bread, with a glass of light wine and water—his common prison fare. The following day, however, the Baronet's nerves were rather stronger, and he listened in silence to a relation of facts, which, under the veil of assumed composure, tore his heart with anguish. Too much blame attached to old Mr. Coventry's persuasions in having led Julia to marry Mr. Montreville, for George to dwell long upon that subject, and indeed he well knew what his auditor endured during such a relation.

But when he had described the appearance of Morris and Bertha, and related the well-arranged fabrication, which they promulgated as facts—when Selima became the silent voucher of these tales, which the letters of Mr. Charlton innocently corroborated—when the desertion of Endora, so naturally told by Gilbert, and confirmed by St. Auberive himself, together with her subsequent derangement, as well as Montreville's continued absence and suspicious silence—when all these circumstances were repeated to the attentive Baronet, he excused the conduct, which, nevertheless, gave a mortal stab to his peace of mind.

He, in turn, explained much of which sister Veronica, Coventry's principal informer, was necessarily ignorant; but he made no comments—he described not his feelings, though his countenance was eloquent, and every sentence, which he uttered, increased Coventry's regard for him—detestation of his enemies—and accusation of himself.

When Sir Castleton had brought down his bitter tale to the moment of his entering the Bastile, he enquired by what means his character had at last become vindicated, and his fate discovered. His emotion was excessive at finding that Endora had been though unconsciously, so great a promoter of his present situation; and mentally vowed that if ever sense revisited her once animated mind, he would make the last sacrifice now in his power—*himself*—to promote her happiness, and repay her sufferings. Selima too, "Julia's huge present," was not forgotten.

Coventry gave him but little hopes, however, of Endora's restoration to a clear mind, unless the sight of one, whom she evidently loved, even in madness, had that

fortunate effect—a circumstance, which, from her recognition of Selima, he thought not absolutely impossible.

Scarcely had any part of Coventry's narrative given to Montreville more severe pain than the certainty of having assisted to further the vile plot against himself, and so readily becoming the dupe of Morris; for though Veronica had not mentioned the name of Bingley, he recognized him in Coventry's description of his person, and in her repetition of the exulting words which Morris himself had used in recounting the exploit.

"He reckoned it," said the deceitful nun, who seemed to think that a full disclosure of the iniquity, which she had connived at and assisted, would absolve her for having done so—"he reckoned it a *chef d'œuvre* of contrivance to have made Sir Castleton instrumental in his own ruin, by so materially forwarding the schemes of those leagued against him."

Sir Castleton groaned at this recital, but was silent; and nothing transpired during the two days they remained at Paris, which

gave Coventry any insight as to the intentions of his friend towards the guilty wretches in England. His own connection with Mr. Montreville placed him in a situation of some difficulty, though he had certainly over-looked, or forgotten it, in his haste and ardour to do a late, but pleasing justice to his injured friend. To become a witness against his sister's husband, despicable as the man was, and little as he deserved consideration on that sister's account, was a distressing business; but Coventry considered it as now unavoidable; for he had no other expectation but that the Baronet would immediately commence proceedings against Morris, which must necessarily involve Mr. Montreville, and indeed represent him as the principal, though unseen mover of all. The depredations, too, committed upon the Cornwall estates, which Coventry had vainly endeavoured to check, would of course undergo a severe examination, and he was aware that punishment did, and ought to await the guilty crew.

The two gentlemen travelled, with all

the expedition, which Sir Castleton's shattered nerves would permit, and stopped one night at Dieppe to recruit. A fair wind wafted them from that port to Brighthelmstone, and Sir Castleton Montreville once more hailed his native land, but, perhaps with fewer pleasant emotions, than ever dilated the breast of a liberated captive. He seemed to feel the singularly unfortunate situation, in which he stood, more poignantly in his own country, than on a distant shore. He sighed with anguish when he remembered that no friend would receive, no fond relative welcome him home. He was a stigmatized, wretched man—deprived, without any fault of his own, of fame, of consequence, of every domestic tie, which his heart was so peculiarly formed to value, and require—his sensibility was too ardent—his delicacy of sentiment too refined, to let him forget (however change of circumstances might, and undoubtedly would, change the current of popular opinion) that his name had been branded with infamy—mentioned with detestation—and that some of his best

and dearest friends had gone down to the grave with an impression of his guilt in their minds. These mournful thoughts filled his heart as he stood alone on the beach, apart from the companions of his little voyage, whilst Coventry was directing their luggage to the principal inn at Brighton. He started from his gloomy reverie at George's voice, and reluctantly followed to the busy scenes around him, contrasting them, even painfully, with those which he had just quitted. His was completely the isolation of the heart, and he was solitary in the midst of crowds.

Anxious to avoid London, he and Coventry were here to separate, for the Baronet was particularly desirous of returning to the manor *alone*. A thousand reasons beat painfully at his heart, and made him wish this. He sighed to be *quite* alone, and felt that his emotions, on revisiting the happy home of his youth, the scene of pleasures actually enjoyed, of felicity anticipated and destroyed, would overcome all the fortitude which he had tried to

collect. The duties of hospitality must either be neglected, or considered as irksome under such sensations—he borrowed sufficient money of George—bade him adieu—and pursued a contrary route.

We hope it is apparent to the candid reader, that malice and rancour had no share in the mind of Sir Castleton Montreville: they never were inmates of his open and affectionate heart; nay, had that been possible at one time, the nature of his late contemplations was such as to have eradicated every wrong feeling, and fill his breast with the forgiving charity, which characterised the Saviour, whose precepts he had so deeply studied. It was not anger, then, it was not resentment, which made him feel uncomfortable in Mr. Coventry's presence, and determined him in future to avoid society. Mr. Coventry had recanted his injurious opinion, founded on error and deception—Sir Castleton from his inmost soul forgave them—but he could not forget that such had been the sentiments of one, who ought to have known him better; and he felt degraded in his

own opinion, when he remembered that he had been degraded in that of his earliest friend.

Yet it was grief, it was anguish of heart, not anger, which actuated him; and he resolved to abjure all society, for all had believed him a monster of crimes. To hear it whispered: "That is Sir Castleton Montreville; of whom such and such horrid things were said, and for a long time believed!" No, the recantation which might, and he knew generally would follow, offered no adequate balm for the deep wounds made by such observations.

In solitude he should live to God and his own heart—no proud or angry sentiment should ruffle him—'the widow's and the orphan's heart should sing with joy'—and the peace of an approving conscience should be his. The sacrifice of himself to Endora, if she should ever be in a situation to claim it, he felt would complete his misfortunes; but he believed that honour imperiously demanded it of him, and he looked forward to its probability. He could not be said to be indifferent towards

her—he did not forget how warm a friendship he once felt—how beautiful she was—how captivating—and in remembering how much she had contributed towards his misfortunes by her weak compliance with a plan wicked in effect, and evidently improper, he remembered also how she had been deceived by others, as well as her own heart; and he hardly loved her the less, particularly when he thought of all her subsequent misery.

With these impressions, these ruminations upon the past, and the future, the Baronet approached the dear scenes of all his happier days. He must necessarily pass Ashborn Abbey. He covered his face as the chaise drove rapidly by, and his heart almost audibly beat—the next minute he blamed his weakness, and lifted the covering of the little back window to gaze on scenes so well, so painfully recognized. The setting sun gilded the windows, and the glittering vane; every thing looked the same as formerly, except that the windows of what once was Julia's dressing-room, and then filled with boxes

of mignionette, early roses, and exotics, were now closed in darkness. He was glad of it—the room then was dark and gloomy as his soul—he threw himself back, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marriot and his wife were weeding a flower-border before the house, when the chaise, containing their master, approached.

"Who should this be, Nancy?" said Marriot.

"Nay, I know not—that Ravenscroft come to try for some money again, I suppose," replied Mrs. Marriot angrily.

With a peevish 'pshaw!' her husband threw down his hoe, and walked sullenly into the house, whilst she, with rather more civility, but not a whit the more good-will, threw open the gate for the chaise to enter, though without looking up, and then slowly followed to the house. Sir Castleton hastily entered the hall, and sat down, quite overcome with the variety of feelings which pressed upon his heart. A mist swam before his eyes—he was oppressed

beyond endurance—tearing open his waistcoat as if for air and liberty of breathing, he hid his face, and struggled for some moments with hysterical weakness.

"Who is this?" said Mrs. Marriot fearfully to the postillion.

The question roused the Baronet—he looked up, and, making a painful effort to smile, he said, "My good Nancy, do you not know me? Have you forgotten your Master?"

The joyful scream of Mrs. Marriot recalled her husband, who started at seeing her on her knees to a stranger. A few seconds of minute inspection, and the benevolent smile, with which Sir Castleton held out his hand, brought poor Marriot also to his master's feet in tears.

"So sadly changed!" exclaimed he sorrowfully, "Oh, my beloved and ever-honored master, what must you have undergone!"

Completely subdued by complicated emotions, amongst which, however, one happy feeling mingled at the reception of these old and valued servants, Sir Castle-

ton Montreville arose, and giving his purse to Mrs. Marriot, bade her satisfy the postillion's demands; whilst her husband assisted him to a bed-room, fatigue and remembrance alike overcoming his strength. There, in the apartments formerly his father's, he had room for "meditation even to madness." The mild figure of his father, ever indulgent and kind, rose to his memory—his mother too—whatever her faults to others, uniform in tenderness to him! The fond promise of his early years —the high and natural hopes of happiness which his youth had held out—all stood in array before him, and bitter were the thoughts brought in their train. Where now were those hopes, those deluding promises? Lost—annihilated—exchanged for wretchedness, deep and lasting as his life. Julia, too—Julia the wife of 'the Heir!' '*The Heir*'—that was a clue, which explained many a riddle otherwise unsolved.

These agonising and tumultuous thoughts made him regret the quiet existence and methodized ideas, which he had gained in the solitary chamber where he had spent

the last five years. The negative comfort he had there obtained was ill bartered for liberty, which had failed of bringing with it a single consolation.

Such, at least, were his present thoughts and feelings; and they banished all hope of rest, or sleep. He had desired not to be disturbed till he rang, and though grieving at his being alone, without having taken any refreshment, his servants dared not interrupt him, but passed the hours in wondering where he had been, lamenting alike his altered looks and equally altered manners. Indeed, he was totally unlike the gay, blooming, handsome young man of two-and-twenty, who little more than five short years back—had looked on all things with the eyes of hope and expectation, in the plenitude of happiness. He now appeared nearly forty—pale—emaciated—and spiritless.

Never unmindful of the comforts of others, though forgetful of his own, Sir Castleton recollected that his servants would probably sit up, expecting a summons from him. About ten o'clock, therefore, he rang his bell; and, having accepted some wine and biscuits, more to oblige

them than to gratify himself, he dismissed them, observing, with a melancholy smile, that he would satisfy the curiosity which he knew they must feel, some other day, when he was more composed. "In the mean time, my good friends," said he, "do not come to me except when I wish it, and do not speak of me to any one; for as I shall probably never again leave this place, I wish to be unnoticed and forgotten. A few days of quiet and composure will enable me to form my future plans."

Wondering more than ever, and grieved at the fixed melancholy so apparent in the Baronet's voice, look, and manner, they withdrew to talk and conjecture, without once coming nearer the truth than that the loss of Miss Julia, whom they condemned as false-hearted, had turned their master's brain.

The next morning they carried him his breakfast, at his desire, into his mother's dressing-room. After that was again removed, and the few hasty duties of the toilette over, Sir Castleton begged to be again left alone, bade Mrs. Marriot provide as

she pleased for him and themselves ; then, locking his door, he prepared to visit those decorated rooms, fondly but vainly appropriated to love and happiness, which he had with difficulty forborne to approach the preceding evening.

Marriot and his wife retired to a distant apartment, where they kept their papers and accounts, which their entire honesty rendered easily put into order for inspection. It was owing to this cause that Mr. Singleton and his party approached and entered unperceived, thus accelerating the fate of Endora, and stamping that of Sir Castleton for ever.

No sooner did Mrs. Hargrave ascertain that Endora was actually dead, than grief, too mighty for insensibility, succeeded. She accused herself of having brought on this fatal catastrophe by an ill-judged and fanciful idea. She insisted upon it that she had all to answer for, and that, differently conducted, this very meeting, now so terrible, might have led to happiness in the restoration of Endora's senses, and her union with Montreville. In vain did her

brother, and Sir Castleton try to console her, by pointing out the purity and kindness of her intentions, and by arguing that, in reality, Endora was much happier than a heartless hand, such as Montreville could alone offer her, would have made her here, besides the too great probability that only a partial and fleeting return of intellect would have been the consequence of other measures.

"Recollect too, my dear sister," said Mr. Singleton, "the extreme improbability that Sir Castleton Montreville should have returned alone, only last night, and so unexpectedly. Recollect that, had he not done so, our poor Endora would possibly have returned with us, neither better nor worse for the experiment, which I am sure we made with the purest motives of her amendment. In that case, you would not have reproached yourself, and why should you now? No, rather see the hand of a good Providence, who allowed to Endora that exquisite happiness in death, which probably she never would have enjoyed in life, even had she possessed all that life can bestow."

Unwillingly Mrs. Hargrave admitted the consolation which her brother sought to bestow; and as she saw, through an open door, the figure of Montreville bending over the lifeless form of Endora, she continually relapsed into agonies of grief. Most reluctantly she at length consented to return to the Abbey, and endeavour to compose her agitated spirits. She did, however, comply with her brother's repeated request, after she had once more gazed in silent anguish on the pale cold form of Endora. The smile of supreme delight still played round the motionless lips of her favorite—and Sir Castleton, raising his heavy eyes from her to her kind protectress, started as if first observing that the corpse of Endora reclined on the splendid bed intended for Julia.

CHAPTER XV.

No sooner had Mr. Coventry reached London, after parting from Sir Castleton, than he ran to Mrs. Hargrave's house, impatient to acquaint her with his success, and to exculpate the Baronet from every shadow of the vices laid to his charge. There, instead of Mrs. Hargrave, he found her letter, informing him of her visit to Ashborn Abbey, and inviting him to follow, assuring him of a cordial welcome from her brother, and expressing her own anxiety to learn the event of his journey.

All the probable consequences of a meeting between Montreville and Endora, so unprepared, so ill-timed, on his first arrival at the home so long abandoned, struck Mr. Coventry most forcibly, though more fearfully on Montreville's account, (whose mind, as he well knew, particularly unfitted him, at such a season, for such a

rencontre) than on Endora's, whose situation he thought would hardly allow of any strong emotion. He hastened from Hanover Square to his own house, where he found his family, among whom Julia still remained in the utmost alarm at his singular absence and total silence; for, fearful of giving a hint to Morris of his business, thereby allowing him an opportunity of escaping the just fate which impended over him, Coventry had not once written during his journey, well aware that Almeria was not troubled with too much discretion, and could not keep a secret.

His first impulse was to go without stopping to Ashborn, but he feared, notwithstanding his own silence and precaution on the subject, that the information of Montreville's return might spread abroad, and reach the ears of Morris, who was at this time in London. He contented himself, therefore, with writing to Mrs. Hargrave, giving her a caution, (too late, alas! to be efficacious), not to allow a meeting between Endora and Sir Castleton, till he (Coventry) could find an opportunity of

speaking on the subject to his friend, and promising to be at Ashborn as soon as possible.

By the same post he wrote to the Baronet, accounting for not having yet congratulated him in person on his restoration to the home of his youth, by giving the true reason of his detention; at the same time begging his opinion and instructions as to the manner in which he wished to proceed respecting the prosecution of Morris, a measure which he concluded that Sir Castleton would immediately commence.

Coventry also gave Montreville that information respecting the proximity of Endora, which circumstances unhappily rendered nugatory. The Baronet's reply shall be given in his own words:

"My Dear Coventry,

"Your letter is before me; and though I feel the necessity of replying to it immediately, the information it will convey to you will, at the same moment, convince you how much it costs me to do so. But pain and sorrow are familiar to

me, and my inevitable portion through life.

"Your intimation of my neighbourhood to Endora, and your caution not to make myself abruptly known to her, came too late. We have met—and she is no more! True to the constant bias of her affectionate nature, her benighted soul waked to the voice of him, whom she so fatally loved; and the moment that illumined the long-darkened spark of sensibility, extinguished it for ever. She expired in my arms—in my house.—On that bed, destined in happier days to receive the blooming Julia, lies the pallid corpse of Endora! Strange and affecting coincidence! In that spot, adorned by love for an object which never can be forgotten—where every thing tells of Julia—and every throb of this sad heart painfully proves her influence yet undiminished—here, in a scene of striking elegance, gay, airy, and inviting—here she lies—who died for me! Yet she died happy. Her last words were full of joy, and my heart fully comprehended her's. How do I envy her fate—the deep stillness

of the grave—the fulness of heavenly joy! Who, that resembled me, would not envy such a lot? I continually approach this fair and faded lilly, and can scarcely refrain from saying, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' Her beautiful mouth still smiles, though the pale purple of death has chased the rich roses of health, and youth, and animation, which *once* blushed there. Her cold and motionless brow gives such an idea of sweet and perfect *rest*—such a sleeping calmness.* Yes, I envy her!—— From this fair and sad memento I learn a lesson of duty. As she *now is*, I soon *shall be*. Shall I, then, by the indulgence of bad passions, embitter still farther a life which nothing can render happy? Shall I return to a world, which offers me no pleasures, merely to gratify revenge, by

* The 'sleeping calmness' which Sir Castleton ascribes to Endora's corpse, has been recently and correctly described, with true feeling and genius, by Lord Byron, in his exquisite Poems of the Giaour and the Corsair. The *Endora* of Montreville is the *Medora* of Conrad, but Sir Castleton, from a *comparison of dates*, cannot have borrowed the idea.

taking such measures for the punishment of those who have injured me, as must ruin them, without restoring to me any part of that happiness, of which they have for ever deprived me? Several reasons combine to prevent my doing this. In the silent and monotonous solitude of my prison I studied the precepts of religion, and now I have an opportunity of putting them in practice. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—*I will repay.*' If vengeance were ever justifiable, I believe that *I* should be justified in seeking it—but I shall not. I will not prosecute. To God—to their own conscience—and to *each other*, do I leave my persecutors. Another consideration presses on my mind; and oh, how many painful ideas are combined with it! Though Morris has been the active agent in this scene of iniquity, Ravenscroft Montreville is the secret spring, which gave effect to the whole—and Julia is his wife. In that security let *him* rest. I shall take immediate steps towards settling all my pecuniary affairs beyond his interference. A few years will make much his, which

now is mine; but till then, I owe it to those who suffer, and whom I can relieve, to appropriate to myself that which is my own by inheritance. A trifle will in future suffice for my wants, but it is only in promoting the comforts and happiness of others that I can now find my own. Marriot goes into Cornwall in a few days with full powers of acting.

"And now, to conclude at once the confession of my intentions—a confession which I believe you, my dear Coventry, will unwillingly hear—I for ever abjure society. I return no more to a world which has despised and rejected me—I shall receive no one here—yourself, and even yourself but rarely, excepted. I anticipate all you would urge. I know that the discovery of the cruel arts, practised against me, will at once clear my injured character, and that rank and wealth would secure me the suffrage of the world, were I to appear there and exert my privileges. But my soul is irrecoverably wounded—my temper is soured—my pride, I fear, increased by injustice, and

rendered irritable by those very circumstances, which many will think ought to have rendered it less so. I pity and forgive those who have ruined my peace of mind; but I cannot *forget* that they exposed my character to detestation, my name to ignominious reproach. The veil will now be withdrawn; but my heart is broken. The coadjutors in this infernal scheme will be the punishment of each other—I scarcely think the law could inflict a greater. May they live to repent the past, and reform the future, that so their punishment may be only temporal!

"Adieu, my dear Coventry. Do not come to me at present. I am unfit for society, and conversation is painful. How much does my heart prompt me to write, which prudence and feeling for others peremptorily check! Adieu.

"C. MONTREVILLE.

"Selima can never more be parted with."

CHAPTER XVI.

The funeral of the unfortunate Endora took place by torch-light, in the burial ground of the chapel belonging to Castleton Manor. Mr. Singleton and Mrs. Hargrave attended—both shed over the early grave of youth, beauty, and talents too mournfully obscured, and fatally regained, the tears of genuine affectionate regret. Sir Castleton Montreville, too, followed the corpse to its long home, but not with the rest. Beds were prepared at the manor for Mr. Singleton and his sister; which, however, they declined.

The Baronet sent apologies for his seeming rudeness in not waiting upon them in his own house, a rudeness which they had too much kindness to resent; and they returned, with sad and heavy hearts, to the Abbey, whence they intended to go, in a few days, on some tour, in the hope of

restoring Mrs. Hargrave's spirits, which this melancholy incident had greatly broken. Sir Castleton, though he could not bear that Mrs. Hargrave should leave Derbyshire unnoticed and unthanked, recoiled with horror from the idea of entering the Abbey to pay his personal tribute of respectful gratitude, and was extremely perplexed how to act. The more he thought of calling there, the more did painful remembrance render the task dreadful. All the happiness he had there enjoyed—all the hopes he had there cherished of still superior felicity—all the anguish and miserable foreboding, which marked his last sad parting from Julia—rose to his tortured imagination, and told him that to enter that house was impossible—at least in the presence of strangers. Some kind of civility, however, it was absolutely incumbent on him to show, and he accordingly wrote to Mrs. Hargrave, who had been the principal party concerned with and for Endora, apologizing to her brother, as well as to herself, for not offering those acknowledgments in person, which sprang from a

grateful heart, for her unparalleled kindness to one whose interests fate had singularly united with his own. For a detail of the motives, which operated to make an entrance into Ashborn Abbey peculiarly painful to him, he referred both her and Mr. Singleton to Mr. Coventry, his own spirits not being equal to the task of relating them. To this letter he received an answer at once friendly, polite, and soothing; and two days after he learned that his neighbours had left the Abbey.

None of the gentlemen in the vicinity, who formerly visited at the manor, had noticed Sir Castleton's return, a neglect which he keenly felt, as a convincing proof of the wide-spreading calumny, which had attached such ignominy to his name; and though, had they intimated their desire to renew their former acquaintance, he would have rejected their notice, he could not be otherwise than wounded by the reasons which kept them back. He did not recollect that the veil was not yet withdrawn, which hid from worldly view the injuries that had sullied his fair fame; and

that those, who were prejudiced against him (not unreasonably, he had himself acknowledged), had as yet no motive for thinking differently, merely because he was once more at home. They could not divine that the years, during which they believed him to have been living in vice and profligacy, had been passed in misery and unjust imprisonment; nay, in truth his return, followed so immediately by the foreign lady, whose history was interwoven with his own, and that far from creditably to either—her death—his own changed appearance, and singular conduct—all these circumstances were not calculated to remove, of themselves, the prejudice so long nourished against him. Their behaviour afterwards proved, that at this time they acted from error, and not unjustifiably.

A day or two after the departure of the family from the Abbey, and just previous to Marriot's departure for Cornwall, Mr. Dalrymple, the friend of Mr. Giffard, and in possession of certain vouchers for a part of Sir Castleton's property, came to the

manor, anxious to deliver up his trust, as well as to compensate for past injustice by present assiduity and offers of assistance.

The letter, sent by the Baronet to Mr. Coventry, had its full effect—but of that hereafter—it is sufficient to observe at present, that Mr. Dalrymple was moved by it to abjure all his former errors of opinion as to Sir Castleton, and that his present journey was evidence of it.

The name of Dalrymple, however, was unknown to Montreville, and he hesitated whether or not to admit him, averse as he was from meeting strangers, and ignorant of any claims which Mr. Dalrymple could have on him.

"The friend of Mr. Giffard," said Dalrymple, when Marriot acknowledged his master's unwillingness to appear.

The title was dear to Sir Castleton, and a passport to his presence. Mr. Dalrymple was admitted, and circumstances soon made them friendly. The Baronet was conscious that, situated as he was, he could not manage without some man of business, unless he consented to leave his property

still to pillage and destruction; for of any personal exertions he felt himself incapable. The valuable trust, committed by the most honourable of men to Mr. Dalrymple, and the scrupulous integrity, apparent in every transaction on both sides, convinced Sir Castleton that no one could be better calculated, both by abilities, situation, and principles, than Mr. Dalrymple, for the discharge of those duties, and attention to those interests, which he wished to place in his management.

As to the past depredations, the Baronet declared his determination of passing them over in silence, and quietly abiding by the loss.

"In effect," said he, "it is himself, whom this shallow calculator has materially injured; since he will come to an inheritance, which his own rapacity and dishonesty has impoverished. It is true that I suffer at present—but I shall have enough for my life and my purposes, and I have no legal heir."

"But you may have," replied Mr. Dalrymple. "I cannot endure to think that a

young man like you, with your advantages of every kind, will really sit down for life in listless, useless inactivity, merely to vegetate here alone, and unknown. I must yet hope, Sir Castleton, that some time hence ——"

"Never," said the Baronet interrupting him; "I may not, possibly, vegetate *here* all my future days, but I have done with connections—I relinquish society, and whether here or on the other side of the Atlantic, I shall be for ever *alone*."

Mr. Dalrymple was not sufficiently acquainted with Sir Castleton to venture farther, though he regretted most sensibly this sad indifference to the duties and charities of life, and the deep melancholy which seemed interwoven with his very being. A few days were sufficient to impress him with sincere compassion and esteem for the man, whom he had so lately contemned and despised, rendering him anxious to be of all the use which Sir Castleton's strange sentiments would permit.

He was entrusted with full powers as steward of the Cornwall estates, whither

he and Marriot prepared to go together, and ascertain, as well as they could, to what extent they had been injured.

Sir Castleton, left again to solitude, endeavoured to repress, as much as possible, all useless repinings; and since for him the roses of happiness were for ever withered, to promote the felicity and prosperity of others.

For this purpose he made an accurate estimate of his income—calculated his own probable expenses when he had arranged his houshold, and then laid the plans of future utility to those around him, for which the surplus of his fortune would be sufficient, and which he afterwards executed with great effect. This houshold was to be entirely regulated by Marriot and his wife: without being numerous, it was proper for his situation and rank in life. The large pleasure-grounds and plantations surrounding the house, however, he determined not to keep up at any expense, and they accordingly became wild, neglected, and melancholy to the eye. One spot only—a reed-covered hermitage, on a small but beau-

tiful island, was carefully cultivated. It had been planned by Julia—was her favorite retreat, and was called Julia's island. In spite of circumstances the name was still retained, and thither he retired to muse and meditate, where all around reminded him of Julia.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Baronet's letter to Coventry had at once pleased and fretted him; since, at the same moment that it took the embargo from his lips, it forbade him to use the measures which would punish, as well as expose, the criminal triumvirate. This, notwithstanding his sister's connection with the principal, though less apparent agent, he was very anxious to do.

With great delicacy and caution, Coventry revealed to Julia the return of Sir Castleton to England, and likewise such circumstances as tended to remove from his character those dark stains, which had so long adhered to it. Julia's feelings, at such a recital, were complicated and indescribable. Pity—love—contempt—and horror by turns struggled at her heart. Though separated from the man whom she had so loved, and torn from every earthly

hope by the basest arts—though hating the very name and being of the wretch, who had thus deceived her and ruined her peace—she could not fail to recollect that, in the just punishment for guilt like his, which she could scarcely hope would not take place, his child would share in the ignominy of her father, and herself, perhaps, be suspected of having connived at the infamy of his conduct.

It was not immediately in her brother's power to remove those afflicting ideas, even though he assured her that Sir Castleton had positively declined the advice, which he owned to have given, of prosecuting the horrid Morris and his wife, both from the certainty of its consequences involving Ravenscroft Montreville, and from the more admirable principle of christian charity, and forgiveness.

It was only to Julia that Coventry revealed the truth of Sir Castleton's return to England, for he wished to be himself the informant of the fact to Morris, and was anxious to observe how an unexpected disclosure of the circumstance would affect

him. He certainly felt more of the delicacy, which he condemned as romantic in Sir Castleton; and rather wished to expose such villany to its proper reward, than suffer it to go unnoticed.

Unknown he determined that it should not be, and notwithstanding his brother-in-law's share in the transaction, meditated to give them all up to the contempt of the world, if, through a clemency, which he called mistaken, they improperly escaped other punishment.

He said nothing of the fact to Almeria, but took the earliest opportunity, after he had received Sir Castleton's letter, to lead the conversation, when Morris and Bertha were drinking tea with his wife, to his late ramble, about which both Almeria and this precious couple had been very inquisitive.

"Your wife," said Morris, laughing, "has more patience, or less curiosity than mine would have had under similar circumstances. I should have been obliged to confess long ago, had I stolen a march as as you have done."

" Nay," replied Coventry, " I will do Almeria the justice to say that she has not been deficient in the feminine attribute of curiosity, nor sparing of her questions upon my secret expedition; and now I think I will gratify her, by giving her an abridged history of my tour: pray attend, good people."

Coventry's voice was less steady than he intended when he began to speak, and his cheek changed to a paler shade as he said, though without looking at any one, " I went first to Courtray."

" In Flanders?" said Almeria, with surprise.

" Yes, certainly—and thence to Paris;" said Coventry, now stealing a look at the blanched cheeks of Morris and Bertha.

" My gracious! what could you go there for?" enquired Almeria.

" To visit the Bastile—Mr. Morris, or *Bingley*, may possibly guess for what purpose."

" We are betrayed," said Morris, forgetting all thought and caution, whilst

Bertha sunk from her chair to the floor in a fainting fit.

"Yes, sir, you are at last known;" said Coventry indignantly to the trembling miscreant before him, whose agitation and terror rendered him unable to make the escape he meditated.

"I have, through a certain sister Veronica, and the vile agent in France, (whom you had neglected to bribe at the usual time) made every discovery I could desire—certainly enough to expose you to all the terrors of the law. Sir Castleton Montreville is now in England, having accompanied me from Paris."

"In England! My God! In England!" exclaimed Morris, wiping from his pallid brow the dews of agonized terror. "But sir—Mr. Coventry—you must be aware that I was only an agent in this business—only a subordinate actor. It is Mr. Montreville—to your brother—Surely, sir, that consideration will induce you to stop all prosecution—all proceedings. You must be aware that he is deeply involved in this

affair, and must be implicated, exposed, in every proceeding against me. My God!"—

"Cease to invoke the awful name of your offended Maker," said Coventry, sternly. "Alas! it is to be feared that a terrible but just punishment awaits such crimes as yours, and your accomplice's. To that all-wise judge, who will hereafter reward you according to your actions, you are left—Sir Castleton Montreville, with too much mercy, declines any other earthly punishment than such as, sooner or later, your own guilty conscience will inevitably bring. I confess to you, that *I* think his leniency towards you and your confederates, without any exception, wrong, and I would willingly give you up to worldly justice, if he would permit it. But he will not—and you are free. I grieve to repeat that you are still at large. but not in secret shall you longer impose on the world. *I* have not mortified my wordly passions, or learned to conquer earthly feelings, in the horrid solitude of the Bastile. I thirst for vengeance—I burn to expose to public scorn and detestation the villains, who

infest the public walks, and cheat the eye and ear by smiles and words, which look and sound like virtue. Yes—I will unmask you to the world, and the finger of contempt shall point you out as a wretch to be avoided more than a pestilence. The infamy, which you endeavoured to fix on another, recoils on yourself and your coadjutors."

During this conversation between Coventry and Morris, the room had been filled with servants assisting Bertha, or brought thither by the singularity of their master's accusations, and the extraordinary assertion that Sir Castleton Montreville had been found by him in the Bastile—that he had been basely imprisoned by this Mr. Morris, and was innocent of all the wicked things alledged against him.

The news flew rapidly—of course, with so many different comments and exaggerations, that the tale became perfectly wonderful and unintelligible.

The infamous Morris, meantime, sullen, malignant, and full of diabolical passions which he dared not suffer to appear, felt

not an atom of repentance for his discovered crimes. No longer in fear of the law, or of worldly punishment, he laughed at the stings of conscience, with which Coventry had threatened him—sneered inwardly at Sir Castleton's absurd lenity—and as to 'Judgment to come'—that was a long way off yet.

Another country would do as well as his own—he determined, therefore, to frighten Ravenscroft once more out of a handsome sum, and emigrate to America. All this ran rapidly through his mind as Coventry talked to him; and since he was still *secure*, he only wished that he had more effectually prevented the Baronet's re-appearance, cursing the scruples of conscience, which he concluded had brought Veronica to confession, and the avarice of Ravenscroft, which had exasperated their agent in Paris. It was now, however, too late to remedy the evils of this unexpected *denouement*; all he could do, was to make the *principal* in this affair suffer his share of the consequences. For that purpose he resolved to leave London the following day,

and hasten into Cornwall, where Ravenscroft then was.

As soon as Bertha was sufficiently recovered to be removed, a hackney-coach was sent for, and they returned to a home, which mutual recriminations and taunts embittered still more than their own regrets. They agreed upon nothing but to go immediately into Cornwall, and spent the night in packing up their clothes, and securing every thing of value that was portable.

The next morning they quitted London, and were far from welcome visitors when they at length reached Montreville-House, even before their intelligence was given on the subject, which wholly engrossed them. Ravenscroft had learned, by former experience, that nothing *pleasant* ever brought Morris there, and expected now only the usual demand for money.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOWEVER unpleasant an attack upon his purse was at all times to the parsimonious Mr. Montreville, such a requisition would have sounded like the harmony of the spheres compared to the information, which, without any previous preparation, Morris imparted to him.

"So Mr. Morris," said Ravenscroft in a querulous tone as soon as they were seated —"so, I suppose you are come upon the old errand. You look full of business— but I have no money, sir, none at all."

"Sir Castleton Montreville is in England," replied the other with a smile of malice—and down dropped Ravenscroft in a fit. His lamentations when he recovered —his terror—his anguish—are inconceivable. Frightened from all discretion, and expecting momentarily to see the officers

of justice enter, he scarcely knew what he said, or what extravagancies he acted.

A ength Bertha, who really feared lest he should loose his senses, succeeded in her endeavours to calm him a little ; and having convinced him that he had nothing to fear from justice, by repeating Mr. Coventry's assurance to that purpose, he began to ask an explanation of this wonderful event.

Morris spoke not a word, and Montreville was perplexed to account for the savage rage, marked in his usually smiling countenance. Bertha understood it full well, for she had been tutored by him not to hint a word of the placable intentions of Sir Castleton towards them, as upon that point hung their only chance of extorting any considerable sum from Ravenscroft. Under the impression of fear, and the expectation of immediate punishment, Morris thought even avarice would give way, and that he should for the last time, raise a supply from the terror of the moment, by assisting Ravenscroft to fly the kingdom, as the only means, by which he could escape the

sentence hanging over them all, but on him principally, as the prime mover of all, and the one most benefitted. All this had been explained to Mrs. Morris, but she had a scheme of her own, quite independent of her husband; and she chose to act in the way most likely to forward it.

Morris had been perfectly right as to his conjecture of the effect that would result from such tidings as she had given; and Ravenscroft, laughing like himself at the trifling evil of worldly contempt, or the *distant* troubles of conscience, became bold enough to despise the man, who could be of no further service, and resolutely refused to advance another guinea. Morris attempted to awe and threaten him into submission, as he had frequently done before; but his threats had not their terrors, and Ravenscroft no longer shrunk.

"No, no, friend," said he with a foolish laugh of triumph, "I have nothing more to pay for. All is known, it seems—the cursed Baronet is in England again—and kind enough to let us alone. Since you have suffered your cage-doors to be so ill

fastened as to let out your bird, I am sure that I shall be at no further expense on his account. You and I have nothing more to do with each other, but to part."

"There you are mistaken," replied Morris coolly. "We have a great deal to do yet. You are the principal villain in this drama of ours; and though the Baronet is fool enough to let us escape, I can and will bring you to the fate we both merit, unless you come down handsomely. If your neck be worth a few hundreds you had better give them at once. As to any reproaches you may think proper to make about Montreville's escape, I shall just return them to you; for, had you been liberal of your dirty trash—had you bribed that rascally fellow in France sufficiently, and remitted the money regularly, he would have been silent, whatever that cackling fool of a nun had done, and any thing less than Sir Castleton's re-appearance I could have managed. But your d——d avarice has ruined the best plot ever conceived and executed—to save a little you now lose the whole—at least till

the fellow's death, and I do not hear that his health is at all impaired. I shall give this night to calculation on my part, and to morrow I shall tell you what I demand."

So saying, Morris insolently retired, and left the miserable Ravenscroft alarmed at threats which he could not understand, but which he was well inclined to fear had some foundation.

He also gave the night to calculation, and with the assistance of the steward, who had not yet been dismissed, settled as much of his affairs as he could. He found them, however, in a very perplexed state, and was surprised to discover how the largest fortune wastes away before the rapacity of such unconscionable and ever-grasping extortioners as Morris and Gilbert. Morris might indeed have accumulated, as Gilbert had done, a handsome independency from the coffers, which he had so largely drawn upon; but to enjoy the present, and let the future provide for itself, was his maxim; and during the time that Sir Castleton's absence put Ravenscroft Montreville so much into his

power, he had lived luxuriously upon that never-failing resource. He knew he must now expect a reverse, and therefore endeavoured once more to frighten his partner in vice, by an ambiguous threat.

With the sum which he hoped to extort, it was his intention to depart from England, and escape from the contempt which, he well knew, would follow the development of his real character. Gilbert, on the contrary, to whom Mr. Montreville wrote immediately, when he met them in London, with all the insolence of wealth, set shame and contempt at defiance, sneeringly offering to accommodate Montreville with money originally drawn from his own possessions, and the rewards of villany.

However unwilling Montreville was to be seen in London, his involved affairs obliged him to it; and accordingly he sent off the supple tool, whom he called his steward at Montreville-House, to a distance, lest questions improper to be answered, should be asked by the Baronet, whom, of course, he expected there immediately; and he gave to this man no inconsiderable

sum to keep his disgraceful conduct secret. The trio once more retraced their way to London; and not caring, in spite of their natural hardness and audacity, to be seen publicly, they sneaked at dusk to paltry lodgings, where Montreville summoned his attorney, and settled with him his future pecuniary plans. He then sent a concise and peremptory demand to his wife (who, as he found, was at her brother's, where he dared not go), requiring her to deliver up to his care, the little Julia, whom he now affected to become very fond of, though this was almost the first intimation he had ever given of such affection, either by words or actions. This demand threw the unhappy Julia into an agony of grief and terror—too well assured of her inability to retain the child if indeed her husband persisted in claiming her. All her brother's soothing and reasoning were insufficient to calm the tempest in her mind; and her delicate frame, weakened by various sufferings, seemed likely to sink under this last cruel blow. Though extremely unwilling to hazard a meeting with his worthless rela-

tive, which the impetuous Coventry knew that he should not conduct with temper or prudence, yet his sister's distress conquered his repugnance, and he went to the place appointed by Montreville to receive Julia's reply, for he was pretty certain that the child would not be yielded to him—nor, in reality, did he wish it: but to plague and distress the woman whom he now hated, after having waded so deep in wickedness to obtain her, was the dearest pleasure of his life.

CHAPTER XIX.

Coventry found a man waiting at the coffee-house appointed by Ravenscroft, and, telling him that he had an answer for that *person*—his tongue refused to say *gentleman*—bade the man conduct him to his employer. The man hesitated and wondered, but complied at length with the peremptory orders of Coventry, and led the way.

He found Morris and his wife, and *Mr. Powel*, alias Gilbert, sitting with Montreville, and none of the men very sober. He desired Montreville to dismiss these people, or attend him to another room, which, as the others did not seem disposed to retreat, he did. Montreville was too great a coward, and too conscious of his own present despicable situation, to argue the point in an angry manner with his determined opponent.

To his observation that the law gave him full power over his own child, Coventry indignantly replied, " I wonder you do not tremble even to pronounce the word *law*, and admire the impudence, which enables you to claim any favour at my hands. Your infamous character—your inhuman conduct to my sister—and the total neglect you have hitherto shewn towards your child, all equally render you an improper guardian of it, particularly as it is a female—On her account alone, wretch that you are, I do not regret your escape from the gallows; but your infant never shall be committed to such a father. As well might you attempt to involve your wife and infant in your crimes, as in your destiny."

" As to my wife," answered Ravenscroft with a sneer, " I am not fool enough to want her; and, if I did, I know how useless it would be for me to ask her to accompany me whither I mean to go, now that her first-love is come home *from his travels*. There are some tender scenes in store, no doubt."

Coventry instantly knocked down the vile calumniator—then, leaving him to rise and recover at leisure, returned home, and the following morning conveyed Julia with her child part of the way on their journey into Yorkshire, where he well knew that they were secure of a most welcome reception from Mrs. Giffard; who, amidst all her own troubles, had ever a heart to compassionate and relieve the distresses of others. Here they were received with the truest kindness, and here the vexed spirit of Julia seemed to find repose. To be completely at ease, however, on account of her child, whilst her husband yet retained the power and the will to threaten her with a separation, was impossible, and Coventry shortened his stay at Richmond, in order to return and take, in London, such decisive steps as the case required.

He found, on his arrival, that Ravenscroft had removed his troubles by removing himself; and Morris, probably, was not unthankful that he had made Bertha the companion of his travels, which they announced in a letter conjointly written,

with the additional information that their route was through Flanders, where Ravenscroft wished to give sister Veronica a *remembrancer*, into Germany, whither he was welcome to follow if he chose—a favor which Morris declined. This piece of intelligence gave all the relief to Julia that her unhappy situation allowed, and left her at liberty to reflect at leisure on her past misfortunes and the present state of her health, which appeared to promise a speedy release from them all. The distance of Sir Castleton Montreville, and the account which her brother gave of his solitary life, with the resolution he had formed of appearing no more in the world, removed, too, the dread which she had continually entertained of again meeting him—a circumstance on every account repugnant to her feelings.

Here, then, Julia tasted of repose, if not of happiness; and applied every moment, when not prevented by indisposition, to the formation of her daughter's mind, by instilling the purest principles of virtue and honor. In this arduous undertaking, she was relieved and assisted by Mrs. Giffard,

who was herself a preceptress of every thing good and amiable, while she was an example in herself of all she taught. The two children, in whom no great difference of age subsisted, were at once useful and dear to each other—The contrast between their dispositions was mutually of service in conquering the errors of each: the impetuosity of Edward was restrained by the sweetness and mildness of Julia; whilst in return, her too great timidity and the early sensibility, which promised to degenerate into error, were corrected by his firmer understanding.

The return of Sir Castleton Montreville to his paternal abode, and the complete vindication of his character, were delightful circumstances to Mrs. Giffard. She longed to break in upon his dreary solitude, and tell him how truly *she* had always continued to love and esteem him. A point of delicacy, however, restrained her, for she now was comparatively poor; and though she doubted not the inclination of her early friend to relieve her pecuniary embarassments, nor, under other circumstances,

would have hesitated to make them known, yet she knew how he had been pillaged during his absence, and she feared that *his* fortune might also be reduced so as to render inconvenient, perhaps distressing, the exertions which he would, she doubted not, have made to relieve her. Delicacy, in this instance, was carried too far, and deprived both him and herself of a faithful consoling friend.

She wrote to him, but her letter never reached him; and he, believing, with the hasty sadness so natural to a mind sickened and disgusted by undeserved ill-treatment, that she too joined in condemning him, made no effort towards reviving in her breast the friendship and esteem which he felt that he had never forfeited—a conduct which he silently and proudly for years resented. He acknowleged afterwards that he had found it easier to forgive the flagrant injuries of his cousin and Morris, than to forget that Maria and Julia could ever have believed him such a monster of iniquity.

Before Mr. Montreville and his well-

matched companion took their departure, he inclosed two hundred pounds in a note, purporting this to be the last act of the kind, and left it behind him for Morris. This was so inadequate to the expectations which Morris had formed, and the claims he had made, that it threw him into a greater fit of rage than the flight of his wife had produced. Indeed it had been his intention to have drawn a considerable sum from his weak and timid confederate, and then to have pursued the very steps which Montreville had taken, by going off and leaving his lady behind him. She could afford that consolation which the gentleman had for some time been in the habit of receiving from her—a circumstance which Morris had chosen to see without noticing it by words, in consideration of the profits arising both now and, as he *intended*, hereafter.

Morris soon found his threats and rage impotent; and turning into money all that his wife had left, which was only what she could not secretly and conveniently dispose of, he set off, he knew not whither or why,

with a purse much more slenderly provided than he intended. The American war at this time broke out; and Morris, who found no resources in England but the gaming-table, which, from his ignorance of a gamester's tricks, was extremely precarious, abandoned a scheme struck out by his prolific brain, but which his finances forbade him to prosecute, and returning to his first idea upon his change of fortune, went over to America. There he gave himself out as a man of family, but labouring under misfortunes; professing himself a single man, and desirous of obtaining a commission in the American army. His person was so extremely prepossessing, his manners so insinuating, and his tale so plausible, that he was generally well received, and gladly admitted into the situation for which he affected to wish, under the name of Monckton.

To conclude at once the history of a man, disgusting from his vices, it may be observed here, though a little premature, that, after having married an American lady of good fortune, and broken her heart by ill-treat-

ment, he was surprised in an excursion up the country by a party of Indians, who put him to a lingering and terrible death, three years subsequent to his quitting England. Of his personal sufferings, some idea may be formed—those of his burthened conscience, perhaps, exceeded even those.

CHAPTER XX.

During those years, which involved the fate of Morris, Bertha, under the appellation of Mrs. Montreville, and considered as the wife of the man whom she accompanied, passed her time very gaily at Vienna, where Montreville's money and her vivacity procured them a distinguished reception. He indeed was tolerated only because he gave good dinners, or lost his money at the gaming-table, or drank strong potations with the hard-headed Germans, who frequented his house.

The union of avarice and a love of gaming, is not an uncommon one: Ravenscroft Montreville proved that it was practicable; for, though continually agonized by the sums he lost, he found the infatuation too powerful to be resisted. He perceived his already injured fortune to be wasting perceptibly; yet still he played—and the

more he lost, the more he drank, to drown reflection.

Mrs. Montreville played too, but fortunately, as she said, she always won, and that accounted for the unimpaired brilliancy of her dress and appearance, long after her *dupe* had confessed his inability to supply her purse as heretofore, as well as for the sums which she sometimes advanced towards the household supplies. In fact, she was beautiful; and there were young men who acknowledged that she was so, and were liberal of presents. She found Vienna so much to her taste that whenever Ravenscroft, in a fit of despair, after an unsuccesful *sitting*, declared he must quit it or be ruined, she shared her *winnings* to compensate for his losings, and again his love of play detained him.

Here they remained a year or two; and here, probably, they would have remained yet longer, had not Montreville been alarmed by a letter which, though written under a false impression, he thought might have unpleasant consequences. The letter was this:

"Am I never to hear the name of Montreville unaccompanied by dishonour?

"After having vainly searched for you through several countries, I find you in Germany; and I find, too, with mingled horror and shame, that you are still accompanied by the weak and erring girl whom you so basely seduced. I find that you have dropped your title---why did you not also renounce the honorable name which you have disgraced? A sister's injuries demand my interference—She was virtuous till she knew you; and though now lost alike to honor and to compunction, I call upon the villain who so degraded her, to answer for his infamy and her own. I expect your presence to-morrow morning, at five o'clock, to take or lose a life. Colonel St. Barbe will attend you this afternoon, to settle place and weapons.

"Adrian St. Auberive."

To account for this letter, which evidently bespoke a mistake in the person concerned, we must observe, that Bertha, in the vanity of her heart, had spoken of Ravenscroft as already a Baronet, but that

circumstances of a peculiar nature had obliged him to drop his title and travel for a time, as a person of less consequence.

Though these concealed circumstances were, in the opinion of most people, not very favourable to character, yet Ravenscroft's was a house of such general entertainment and good cheer, and his companions so far from *select*, that no very embarassing enquiries had been made, and he was himself unconscious that any such idea was admitted.

In the mean time, St. Auberive, restless and miserable, had passed much of his time in wandering from place to place in search of Sir Castleton. He had dispatched several messengers to Paris, with enquiries after his aunt and Endora—the last had assured him that Madame de Verencourt was dead, and that his sister had quitted France with a lady whom nobody knew, and was gone no one knew whither.—The fact was, that the man sent on this errand interested himself but little about the business, and lost, in repeated fits of drunkenness, the verbal message—for there was

now no one to write—with which he had been intrusted. He forgot both names and circumstances; nay, even assured St. Auberive that Endora was quite well at the time of her departure.

He was then in Switzerland; and, determining to find Endora if possible, yet scarcely believing that she would chuse England for her retreat, if Sir Castleton were indeed her companion, he passed into Germany, intending, if there unsuccessful, to try England as a last resource. At Vienna, he heard the name of Montreville, by mere accident; and learned, on further enquiries, that he was accompanied by a young beautiful French woman—that he had dropped his title for a time—that the lady, though she went by his name, was not generally believed to be his wife, and was tolerably liberal of her favors to others. This account drove St. Auberive almost mad; for such was the combination of names and circumstances, that he could scarcely doubt the woman thus described to be his sister.

Under this impression he wrote the note

which so much alarmed Montreville; for that gentleman, though without any acquaintance with Endora, was well aware of the injury which his vile schemes had done to that innocent girl, and now believed that her brother was come to claim a sort of redress the farthest in the world from his wishes. To escape this danger was his first care; and collecting all the money he could command, he abruptly quitted Vienna within two hours after receiving the challenge—leaving Bertha to receive Colonel St. Barbe, and wonder at his absence as she pleased, whilst he retraced his way rapidly to England.

A short explanation between Bertha and the Colonel, brought St. Auberive also to her house. Though he despised her, and burned to tell her so, he yet knew that she could not afford the redress which he wanted; and, glad to find that he was mistaken respecting Endora, though of her he could learn nothing, he took his leave, to continue his fruitless search through other parts of the German Empire;

for Bertha was too politic to tell him that Sir Castleton was actually in England.

As for this lady—she soon found lovers to console her for the loss of Mr. Montreville, who announced to her, from the English shores, his determination of returning to her no more. She hated and despised him too much to be sorry for this, particularly as she had rather found him with money of late, than derived any pecuniary advantages from him. She pursued for a few years, in various parts of the world, a series of gay unthinking vices, and died, as such characters usually do, a martyr to disease, poverty, and wretchedness—repentant of her crimes, and miserably anticipating the fearful punishment which they deserved.

St. Auberive, in the mean time, pursued his melancholy wanderings alone, and, in pursuance of his original scheme, bent his course towards England. There, after a long and devious journey, he at length landed at Yarmouth, where, by a circumstance singularly fortunate, his name

attracted the notice of a gentleman and lady in the same inn with himself. They announced themselves as the friends of Mademoiselle St. Auberive, by the names of Singleton and Hargrave, and a short explanation ended at once the doubts of her brother.

The delight of learning that Eudora lived and died in virtue and innocence, was a healing balm to the pain occasioned by her death. "I shall see her no more," said he, with tender emotion—"She is for ever lost to me—but I shall think of her as an angel in heaven, rewarded by eternal joys for severe but temporary sorrows."

St. Auberive's gratitude to the amiable protectress of his unfortunate sister was as fervent as such uncommon kindness richly deserved. Conscious, however, from Mrs. Hargrave's account, that Sir Castleton would hardly wish to see him, yet might think it necessary so to do, he relinquished his own desire to see him, and apologize for that erroneous opinion of him he had so long cherished. He was rejoiced that it had been founded in error, and almost

regretted that the cowardly flight of Ravenscroft had prevented his ridding the world of such a wretch. But though he gave up the idea of seeing the Baronet, he readily agreed to accompany his new friends to London, in order to converse personally, as he had before done by letter, with Mr. Coventry. He passed some weeks in London, and then quitted England with a heart lightened of many sorrows.

CHAPTER XXI.

During these transactions abroad, the years passed in melancholy uniformity to Sir Castleton Montreville in his solitude, which remained unbroken excepting by an annual visit from Coventry, and one of business from Mr. Dalrymple: this was all he would allow from either.

The melancholy which misfortune had engendered, would, in a mind less noble, have degenerated into misanthropy; but in his, it mellowed, at length, into a pensive sadness, which, though it unfitted him for society, made him feelingly alive to the distresses of others, and as eager to relieve as to pity. He was the silent unacknowledged benefactor of all within his reach—the anonymous contributor to every case of advertised misery—the friend of all humankind who deserved his friendship, and not the enemy even of those who had so incu-

rably wounded him. The only employment which abstracted his attention from books, or the study of religion and benevolence, was the embellishment of the hermitage already mentioned as having been planned by Julia, in her island; and he called it a pleasing one. Situated as he was, with a heart attuned only to sorrow, every thing approximating to pleasure was necessarily connected with pain; and those feelings which the happy would have termed misery —those avocations which the fortunate would have shrunk from, he hailed as congenial pleasures. Every shrub and flower which Julia had admired or recommended, bloomed in this lovely retreat—an Eden in the desert.

—" Not a flower that he'd heard her admire,
" But he hastened and planted it there!"

The blue periwinkle which she had assisted him to train round the then unfinished edifice, now flourished in luxuriance; the glove which she had given him to hold, as she guided a straggling branch of jessamine round a window, and which with the playful gallantry of love he had refused to

restore, was still carefully treasured, and viewed with daily sighs.

"Fancy pour'd
"Afresh her beauties on his busy thought;
"Her first endearments twining round his soul,
"With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love."

THOMPSON.

In this hermitage Sir Castleton loved to pass the greater part of his days. Here his books were ranged; here, in placid communion with his own heart and his God, he cherished those tender charities of life which softened distress and overcame despair.

It is evident that, from a life so passed, no *incidents* can be expected. He might say with the Royal Psalmist, "One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another." Each day of Sir Castleton's existence had its unvaried occupation, upon which no one ever broke, in a solitude which no one ever invaded. The short visit of Coventry was periodical; that of the man of business, the same; and, accounts duly settled, *he* returned to his own avocations. The only way in which Julia

was ever the topic between Coventry and the Baronet, could hardly be called conversation : "Your sister, Coventry—is she still living ?" The affirmative answer concluded the subject ; and Sir Castleton Montreville, avoiding farther mention of her, or allusions to himself in which she was implicated, endeavoured to confine his friend to general information of worldly affairs, to literature, and the common occurrences of life.

Coventry was fond of shooting, and, as much from a wish to relieve Sir Castleton from the fatigue of conversing, as to indulge his own taste; he always chose the autumn for his visit, when he pursued with avidity his favourite diversion. The Baronet never went out himself, but he had a regular game-keeper; and though not by any means tenacious of the game, the respect universally entertained by the now undeceived neighbourhood, even for his prejudices and oddities, forbade their disturbance of his retirement; hence his woods abounded with every species of game. A day was sometimes begged for a friend as a par-

ticular favour, and granted with every mark of politeness. Refreshments for the sportsmen were always prepared with the most gentlemanly liberality; but on such days Sir Castleton was a close prisoner in his own apartments.

Nearly eight years had passed away in this uniform manner, and the approach of autumn again bade the Baronet expect the return of Mr. Coventry's visit. He came —but a glance at his altered countenance, his mourning dress, his visible emotion, all struck the heart of Sir Castleton, and flashed on his mind the fatal truth. "Julia!" he exclaimed in a trembling tone, while he fixed a look of anguish on Coventry. The latter presented a letter, and left the room —it was from Julia. Sir Castleton gazed at the writing on which he had so often looked with rapture, and his eyes filled with tears as he perused the following lines:

"The moment is at length arrived, which releases me from the observance of that strict punctilious reserve hitherto practised towards you. When this is presented to your eyes, I shall be no more; and on this

paper you must gaze for the last memorial of Julia! Neither my mind nor body are strong enough to recapitulate the feelings of those melancholy years which have passed since our separation. Alas! the error I was guilty of in believing you faithless, has severely punished itself—*how* severely, none but my own heart can ever imagine. I know not why I write, except to tell you this. I cannot receive from you the forgiveness I would ask, for the unkindness I committed towards you, because till I am on the verge of the grave I dare not address you: yet, having with unexampled generosity and greatness of mind forgiven those who misled me and ruined us both, you will not, I think, be less lenient to her whose sufferings have more than equalled your own. Could I but have seen you—could I but have heard from your own lips those soothing words which humanity, if not love, would have prompted you to utter, I think I should have died happy. But against this last dear indulgence, cold, but unanswerable motives of prudence, opposed a decided barrier.

"The wretch to whom my own error and the mistaken views of others have consigned me, adds to every other vice the narrow-minded passion of jealousy and distrust.

"I have a daughter, and I am careful to banish even the appearance of imprudence for her sake; for my own, I should not have conceded so much.

"In this last adieu, then, fervently and constantly beloved! accept the only acknowledgment of regret and unchangeable affection, which I have ever dared to indulge. In this moment of anguish I own to you all the fond weakness of my heart—that you are still unutterably dear—and that every pang which has wrung your bosom, has been answered by the throbs of agony in mine. It sooths my last hours, to believe that I shall still live in your memory—the Julia of happier days, absolved by love of her offences towards you. For ever—adieu!"

The philosophic calmness which Sir Castleton had so long laboured to attain, and hoped he had effected, vanished as he

perused this last memorial of Julia. His feelings were, however, indulged in private —his grief was too intense, too sacred for exposure.

It is more from the knowledge of his actual disposition, and the admitted love which he felt for Julia, that his sufferings on this occasion may be judged of, than from any expressions of his own, at any time. No acknowledgment of his feelings ever escaped him, either in words or in writing. It is only from the fact of Julia's ashes being entombed in a plain but elegant mausoleum, near her favorite hermitage, and his constant devotion at this shrine, that his sentiments may be reasonably judged.

Marriot, indeed, owned to the editor of these pages, that, for some months after this event, the gloom of the Baronet's mind returned it all its original darkness; and that his intellects, at times, seemed strangely disturbed.

In as short a time as possible, the last remains of the unfortunate Julia were deposited in their final resting place, and the im-

patient fever of Montreville's soul became tranquillized. Over that tomb he poured those lamentations and shed those tears which he never suffered to be suspected by others. To twine round this last repository of his broken heart, the favorite flowers of her who calmly reposed in its cold precincts—to express in the language of poetry her charms, her virtues, together with his own adoration of them, formed his constant employment. Sad and melancholy as it was, it soothed his lacerated mind, and led him back to religious tranquillity.

In the course of the following year, a fever carried off Mr. Coventry; and from that time till the hour which rendered my mother and myself inmates of his house, Sir Castleton's privacy was uninvaded.

CHAPTER XXII.

It now becomes necessary to speak of my mother, and myself in the first person, since the last years of Sir Castleton Montreville were intimately connected with us.

The circumstance which occasioned the revival of his intimacy with my mother, has already been mentioned in the preface to these memoirs; and, from that time to the last hour of his short but unfortunate existence, their friendship remained unbroken, though their personal communications were few and at distant intervals. His liberality set both herself and me at perfect ease in our pecuniary concerns; and the prospect of a profession less *tediously* lucrative than the law, induced me to turn my thoughts more seriously towards an object of my tenderest feelings.

It is not my own history that I am writing, nor shall I intrude my own love-affairs

on the public. I shall only observe, that Julia Montreville was my early choice; sanctioned alike by her mother and my own. Of her father's approbation we never thought; for, from the time that his nefarious projects had transpired, and Mr. Coventry's interference had prevented his gaining possession of his daughter, he had never presumed to approach my mother's dwelling, which he well knew offered a safe and honorable asylum to his wife and child. After his return from Germany, he had merely enquired after them; and, satisfied that they were neither trouble nor expense to him, asked no farther.

He remained but a short time in England, and that merely to raise money, with which he wandered from place to place, occasionally returning home as necessity drove him thither for supplies, to answer the demands of his various depraved occupations.

I had long wished that Sir Castleton would express a desire of seeing Miss Montreville; for unless he himself proposed it, I dared not; but I found, from an expres-

sion in a letter of his to my mother, that though as *Julia's* child he could not help feeling an interest for her, yet, as the child of Ravenscroft, he shrunk from beholding her.

"I know," said he in this letter, "this is a prejudice which you will condemn, and I ought to conquer. Alas, Maria! My mind has no longer strength to contend against prejudice. I look at the tomb of Julia—at the more humble grave of Endora—at myself, old while yet in middle age, wayward, petulant, misanthropic, lost to peace, to usefulness—I almost fear to virtue. I think of these things, and I cannot forget from what quarter the blow was struck which ruined me and those innocent beings who perished in my ruin. Even love itself—that ardent passion, which has outlived every other in my heart, steels that erring heart against *his* child.

"Do you comprehend the feeling which prompts this strange and strong emotion against the young Julia?—Perhaps not. I cannot explain it. Would I could conquer it! That your son thinks differently,

gives me pleasure. She whom I *cannot* love, yet whom I would sacrifice much to serve, will be happy—she will be the wife of a good and honorable man. It shall be my care to provide for their worldly wants.

"Come to me, Maria, and bring your son. Why cannot I extend the invitation? I cannot, Maria—I find the effort vain."

In consequence of this letter, my mother set out for Castleton Manor, leaving Julia in the mean time with Mr. Dalrymple, in London. This gentleman, having been appointed her guardian by Mrs. Montreville, till her arrival at the age of twenty-one, allowed her to become my wife, and find in a husband's protection, the power of defeating any attempts on her father's part to reclaim her.

I was now, for the first time, introduced to Sir Castleton Montreville; three years having passed since I was first a secret visitor at his melancholy abode.

Expectation of I knew not what, kept me from repose; whilst compassion for the sufferings of this excellent man, gratitude for favors conferred on myself, and venera-

tion for his character, prepared my mind, naturally enthusiastic, for sentiments of profound esteem and regard.

My mother, when she found I was now to be introduced as a friend to Sir Castleton, had given me a brief recital of such parts of his history as she was herself acquainted with; and imagination was not slow in heightening impatient curiosity.

I always loved to *embody* the hero of a tale; and I thought of Sir Castleton as his portrait gave him to my view, making allowance adequate, as I thought, for the lapse of years, but forgetting to take account of *circumstances*. A first glance taught me my error. I looked in vain for the spirit, the animation, the beauty, of the young sportsman, whose portrait so forcibly reprepresented all these early characteristics of my admired friend.

What a contrast did he exhibit! His figure was still fine, but the fire of his large dark eyes was quenched in sorrow; his once sweet smile had given place to a stern and sad expression, which alternately alarmed and grieved those who beheld him;

and, at times, his countenance assumed a look so wild and agonized, as to give the conviction of extreme mental suffering. He scarcely ever smiled, and seldom spoke; but when he did, his voice was mild and sweet, though full of penetrating sadness; his manners, through reserved, were highly elegant and polished.

We found him a good deal disturbed by the death of Marriot, of whose fidelity, affection, and usefulness, the foregoing pages will bear witness.

"I have lost in him a large part of *my* little world, Mrs. Giffard," said he mournfully; "his wife alone remains—except, indeed, my old dumb friend here, faithful Hector. You know full well, madam, the debt of gratitude which I owed to the mother of this animal.—But for Selima, perhaps, I might now have remained a stigmatized prisoner. Yet how far liberty was to *me* a blessing—But we will not enquire. Make me grateful, great God, for what is left, rather than allow me to repine at what is lost!" He stooped, to hide his emotion, and caressed the dog (which lay at his feet

on a down cushion, before the fire), endeavouring to overcome the agitation into which he had been thrown by his sad remembrance of the past.

A few days after our arrival, his new servant came, who was to supply the place of Marriot.

How unaccountable are the antipathies we sometimes conceive against particular persons, or a peculiar set of features. Neither Hector nor myself could ever look at Warner, obliging and attentive as he was, without a sensation of dislike. Hector always growled at his appearance; and I own I never could see Sir Castleton depart on one of his lonely rambles to the insulated hermitage, without terror, lest Warner should follow him.

The Baronet's constant mode of living was little interrupted by our being at the manor. I passed all my time in shooting—my mother and Mrs. Marriot employed theirs in talking of Sir Castleton; and he was, as usual, devoted to his island. To reach it he always used a boat, preferring this to the erection of a bridge, because

secure from interruption. He rowed himself across the clear stream, which surrounded the island, and, mooring his little bark, returned whenever he pleased by the same means.

We had been about a month at the manor, when, on my return from shooting one evening, considerably later than usual, I found my mother and Mrs. Marriot in great alarm at Sir Castleton's protracted stay.

They begged I would immediately run towards the island, in search of him; and accordingly, Cawston (the game-keeper) and I hastened thither, equally alarmed as those at home. Warner was missing, and Hector also.

We were in some degree relieved on our arrival at the island, to see the boat floating slowly down the stream; and, for a moment, deliberated on the probability of the Baronet's having left the hermitage. We rather thought, however, that he had found it impossible to return, from the boat having slipped its fastenings; and under this impression we loudly called to him. A low groan struck our very hearts with terror—

It was repeated—and as we both dashed into the stream, poor Hector, faint and bloody, crawled from the hermitage to direct our steps. We flew forward—On the floor, weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead, lay Sir Castleton!

The name of "Warner!" at the same moment, was uttered by Cawston and myself—the next, a splash into the river caught our ears; and Warner himself, bleeding profusely, his clothes torn, and moving with evident difficulty, gained the opposite bank, by the narrowest part of the stream. He then hastened across the field adjoining as fast as his situation, which he evidently owed to Hector, permitted.

To pursue him, was equally the wish of Cawston and myself: but Sir Castleton required the assistance of both—of more than both, had more been at hand. Cawston swam down the river for the boat. One oar was lost, but with the other he managed to get it to the bank. Between us we placed the still insensible Baronet, in the boat, together with Hector, who could scarcely move, and rowed to shore.

Fortunately, our long absence had alarmed, still more, the females at home; and the man who had brought some goods, accidentally at that time, to the house, willingly came to look for us.

By their assistance we bore Sir Castleton home; and Cawston immediately fetched a surgeon. For some days this gentleman dared not pronounce Sir Castleton out of danger; but at length the welcome assurance of safety passed his lips. He did, indeed, survive the *immediate* consequences of this attack; but to that, though more remotely, he owed his death. Poor Hector died the following day of the wounds which he too had received.

In the mean time, the strange appearance of Warner, together with his having been in the service of Sir Castleton Montreville, attracted the notice of the populace; and combining time and circumstances had caused the neighbouring gentlemen to apprehend him on suspicion, advice of which was sent to his master as soon as he was pronounced out of danger.

"Dismiss the unhappy wretch," said he,

"I fear to learn the name of his employer he acted not for himself in this business; he can harm me no more. Let Cawston see him, and afford him the means of living to repent his crimes in a distant country. Want, probably, rendered him the wretched tool of a higher power. You think me too lenient, Mr. Giffard. Alas! my dear boy; I have forgiven the infliction of deeper stabs than those of the murderer's knife."

Cawston, accordingly, though most unwillingly, went to Warner; and, with those bitter invectives which his master had spared, told him of that injured master's clemency. Sir Castleton was right: want *had* rendered Warner the purchased tool of a greater villain.

The magnanimity, the inconceivable generosity of Sir Castleton's forgiveness and conduct, moved him to a more perfect repentance, than a more rigourous treatment would have done. In an agony of grief and horror, he vowed to become worthy of such kindness, and atone at a distance for the past, by an exemplary future.

He owned that he had been employed

personally by Gilbert, but in effect by Ravenscroft Montreville, to perpetrate this horrible outrage; and that the persevering ferocity of Hector's attacks on himself, even after he had severely wounded the poor animal, alone prevented the Baronet's destruction.

The abandoned *heir* had once more returned, poor and deserted, to England, where he sought Gilbert as a friend: but Gilbert, rich in his share of plunder, from this very man, now affected an insolent superiority, which the other dared not resent, and desired him to go elsewhere for money and for friends.

"Whither can I go?" said Ravenscroft, "that fellow will never die."

"'Tis your fault," replied Gilbert, "a man of spirit would long ago have prevented that complaint."

"How? Only tell me how" enquired the other.

The result was the introduction of Warner to fill the place of the worthy Marriot, whose death Gilbert had learnt—The consequences which followed, are known.

Warner having related the facts in a more

ample manner than I have repeated them, privately quitted the scene of guilt and shame, with the means and the intention of future honesty and repentance. The neighbourhood murmured loudly at this; but Sir Castleton, clasping his hands in transport, a bright beam flashing over his whole animated countenance, triumphantly cried, "I have saved a soul!"

From that time, however, this excellent man declined in health and strength. His feelings warned him that his earthly course was almost run. He felt reluctant to live entirely alone; and, having experienced the blessings of friendship and society, could not, without a pang, resign them again. My mother and I, therefore, remained at the Manor. At his request she gave up all thoughts of returning to Richmond, and disposed of her effects there.

The grateful and affectionate heart of Sir Castleton Montreville, though lacerated by sorrow, injustice, and the machinations of the wicked, was yet full of tenderness and good-will. He over-rated the services which I had been fortunate enough to render

him, and rewarded them by a liberality infinitely more than proportionate.

To him I owe the blessings of ease and affluence, as well as the happiness of having contributed to render the last years of my dear mother's life independent and tranquil. Through his bounty I am now the master of Castleton-Manor--endeared both to him and to me, by many a local circumstance.

The tomb of Julia stands mournfully conspicuous, in the wilderness; for it was his pleasure that it should run wild after his death.

The hermitage—the scene of blood, is destroyed; and the shrubs and flowers planted by that once *lovely* hand—lovely now no more—flourish in native uncultivated luxuriance round the last retreat of Julia and of Castleton!—In death, at least, they are united.

In the burial-ground of the chapel, many a flowret lifts its blooming head over the lowly graves of Endora and *my* sainted Julia. A few short months she was mine! A fair and lovely blossom, snatched too soon.

"Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
"Of bright ideas, flowers of Paradise,
"As yet unforfeit! In one blaze we bind,
"Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all
"We guess of Heaven: and these were all her own;
"And she was mine; and I was—*was* most blest!
"Gay title of the deepest misery!"

YOUNG.

A small farm on the Castleton estate was the gift of gratitude to Cawston; and there still flourish, in happy and guileless prosperity, his descendants.

A daughter of the good and attached Mrs. Marriot now fills the station at the Manor which her mother occupied before: and I lament, in this general enumeration of posterity, that I cannot boast a descendant from the faithful honest Selima.

As for the man who inherited the envied possessions of his injured relative, he enjoyed them not. Alone, in the vast 'peopled solitude' of the world, he found that riches are, of themselves, insufficient for happiness—that a title alone confers not respectability. Shunned by the good—despised even by the bad—hated—feared—and reviled, Sir Charles Ravenscroft

Montreville, in melancholy grandeur, proved by the wretchedness of his devoted life, the inefficiency of worldly wealth.

"Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of labour'd ore,
"Can give their feverish lord one moment's rest,
"Or drive one sorrow from his anxious breast."

HORACE.

The 'worm that never dies' forbade enjoyment; and at an advanced age, for he suffered the curse of prolonged and miserable existence, he died—the last of that *name* which had been a *substantial* misfortune to its possessor. His "ashes flew—no marble tells us whither;" for such was the detestation in which he was held, that his nearest relatives wished rather to consign his remembrance to eternal oblivion than perpetate it by any memorial.

I do not now praise the character or dilate on the virtues of Sir Castleton Montreville. His history is on silent record, beyond my individual efforts. I loved him living—I venerate him dead—I sanctify his relics in "my heart of hearts!"

An impartial public will now decide on his merits—will estimate his worth—will judge

between him and his oppressors—will remove from his character the oblivious veil which obscured its brightness for a season, and restore it, unsullied, to the world.

On the mercy of that judicious, but generous world, *I* throw myself as his historian. My only praise will be that I have "nought extenuated, nor set down aught in malice."

E. C. G.

FINIS

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